

THE WHITTIER PICTORIAL

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February 1, 1951



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The WHITTIER PICTORIAL

Whittier's Own Local Picture Magazine

Published every other Thursday at Whittier, California

Charles N. Pollak II, Dan L. Thrapp, PUBLISHERS. Don Kracke, STAFF CARTOONIST; Charles Lonzo, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER; Harry Cuthbertson, ADVERTISING MANAGER. EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: Room 129, Emporium Building, 133 E. Philadelphia St.; Tel. OXford 45-0274, 4-3879. SUBSCRIPTIONS: one year (26 issues), \$3.50. Subscriptions accepted by telephone or mail at above address, or may be left at 114 E. Philadelphia St. Composed in Whittier by F & B Typographic Service. Application for entry as second class matter is pending.

VOL I, No. 21

FEBRUARY 1, 1951

NO MONSTERS THEY



This trio of Jonathan Bailey students—Jimmy Orr, Jo Anne Goodell and Michael Blackburn—launched an ambitious student council public relations program last week by inviting representatives of the Rotary Club and the PICTORIAL on a tour that might have been entitled, "Inside the Seventh and Eighth Grades." In rapid succession the guests were exposed to social studies, math, sewing, cooking, woodwork, art, music and current events classes. No exams (whew!) were given; instead they enjoyed a firsthand glimpse of intermediate education and learned, to their relief that junior high students aren't *really* monsters. They hoped the students, in turn, felt the same way about their venerable visitors. The tour was the first of a series designed to familiarize civic groups with the workings of Bailey school.

If you ever try to discover who is Whittier's oldest barber—in point of service—you'll probably have quite a time. THE PICTORIAL reporter thought Mr. Cole probably was the oldest, but Mr. Cole said over the telephone that he believed Mr. Sarff was. Mr. Sarff thought Mr. Scott probably held the title, and Mr. Scott believed it was one of a couple of other barbers, but the reporter couldn't contact them.

Upon talking to the three, the reporter decided that each of them was so interesting that they should all be included—hence the story on "700,000 Customers" beginning on page 3. We hope you like it and would appreciate hearing your comments.

RAY GETS THE BIRD

If you were greeted two weeks ago by a PICTORIAL newsboy clutching a batch of magazines under his arm and with a grey pigeon on his head, chances were it was Raymond Denlinger, 125 S. Comstock. We don't know why he had the bird, either, but when he called for his January 18th PICTORIALS, he had it with him. It would sit calmly on his cap, so the photographer thought it would make a good picture. Having nothing better to do with it, we print it here.

Ray has been selling PICTORIALS since the Hallowe'en issue, and is the first boy yet to show up with a pigeon on his head.



The Readers' Free Press

TO THE EDITOR:

Just a word of appreciation for the boost in January 18 PICTORIAL for an academic subject—Reading. Many things are more glamorous so we are glad you could see news value in an elementary skill. Parents are interested in understanding our reading program as was further evidenced by the fact that about 300 came to the Sorensen P-TA meeting where we discussed: "How We Teach Reading."

LOIS R. BERRYHILL,
Reading Consultant
WHITTIER ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS



Greenleaf in 1900, with Scott's shop on east side, at right. Philadelphia crosses Greenleaf in center of photo. Ditch is where water pipeline is being changed. Building on southwest corner is Doty store, first store building in Whittier. Tall building at left background is original Bailey school, built in 1899.

700,000 Customers

The Story of Three Barbers

How John C. Scott, Virgil Sarff and Clarence S. Cole First Came to Whittier and How They Pursued Their Careers Here for Many Years

Art Work by Virgil Sarff

John C. Scott was big for a young man, and strong. When in eighth grade he had served as lifeguard at Redondo Beach, even in the nineteenth century a favorite oceanic swimming hole. So when, as a youth, Scott came to Whittier in 1896, and applied for a job in a sugar beet field, it was only natural that he be given a tough job with a grub hoe. At that date, Whittier was a community of 700 souls. Nearby were lemon, orange and walnut groves (walnuts paid better than citrus fruits then), and the single, vast field of sugar beets.

Scott picked up the hoe, hefted it, and started chopping his way down an interminable row. When he finished that one, he could come back along another and then go down still another, and so on, he thought glumly, for the rest of his life. The sun climbed higher. Scott's back warmed, his brow grew moist, his hands blistered, his hoe got heavy, his temper rose. Finally he straightened his back, stamped dirt off of his implement and began to swing it around his head.

Once, twice, three times he swung the heavy tool. It left his hands with a most satisfactory "whoosh!" and for all Scott knows, is flying yet. He thrust his blistered hands into his pockets and trudged, whistling, up the dusty road to town where he entered his favorite stopping-off place, the barber shop of a chum. He settled into a straight-backed chair, explained to his friend that "that blankety-blank hoe didn't fit my hands," and tilted back for a good, leisurely chat.

In those days, when shaves cost a dime and a haircut, two-bits, the barber shop was often a loafing place for men who had a few minutes or an hour or two to kill. Not all shops attracted loafers, and it was hard to tell why one emporium would be selected above others for that purpose, but the barber shop, then even more than now, was a community institution. There might be a checker game going on in front, a card game in the back room, a couple of barbers (or more) working industriously, and always there was a great deal of talk.

As Scott settled into his chair and reached for the latest copy of The Register (the local newspaper, then edited by the father of Harry Williams, who now owns the Coast League), he noted that his friend, the barber, was swamped.

"You know, Scotty," the friend said, "I've got too much work for myself, and not enough to hire another barber. But I could do with an apprentice. How about you?"

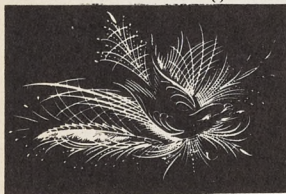
So John C. Scott became a Whittier barber, a profession he was to follow here for more than 50 years.

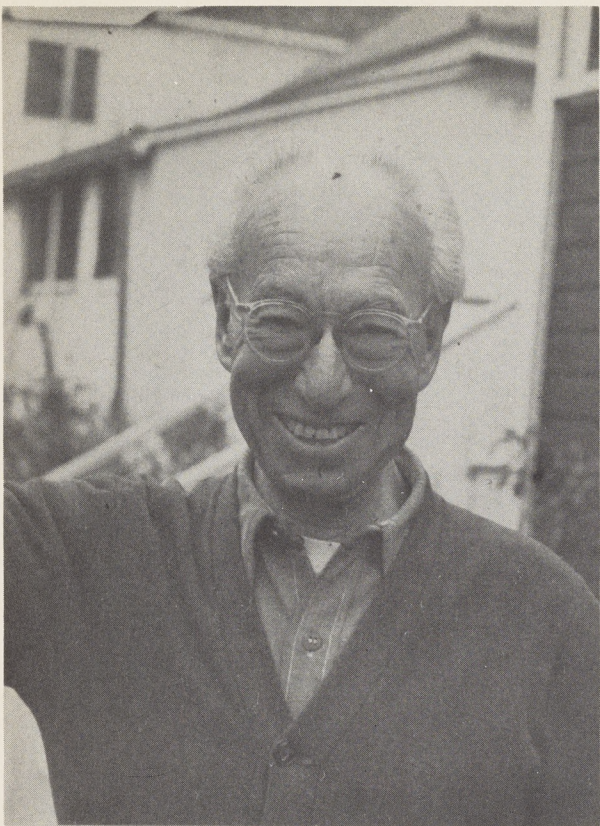
Almost a full continent away, in Claremont, N. H., Clarence S. Cole, too, was becoming a barber, and also almost by chance.

"I was born in Cornish, N. H., about 12 miles from Dartmouth college," Cole recalls. "I first learned the shoe cutter trade. See this thumb?" and he thrusts a once-smashed digit out for your inspection. "I did that with an eight-pound maul, and decided I didn't like being a shoe cutter."

"A barber friend one day said he needed a young man for an apprentice. That's the way you learned the trade in those days. I said, 'How about me?' He said, 'Are you serious?' I said, 'I sure am,' and that's how I got to be a barber. Started out like all of them—first a little lathering, then learning how to clean up a face, gradually getting to shave a bit, and finally graduating to the scissors and clippers. Required about a year to make a good barber." But it took Cole many years to arrive at Whittier, where he pursued his profession for a third of a century.

Virgil Sarff, meanwhile, was practicing the same art in Minnesota, then in North Dakota, and finally at Everett, Washington. He too was to drift eventually to Whittier, to follow the clipper and razor business here for 30 years or more, to trim some of the finest beards and clip hair from some of the best





Scotty at Home

heads in town. And on the side, he became a master penman, some of whose work illustrates this article.

Between them, this barbering trio has done work for nearly three-quarters of a *million* customers during their careers—704,250, give or take a few thousand, according to a hasty PICTORIAL calculation. Scotty has retired now to his home at 315 N. Pickering, but Sarff, who lives at 309 S. Milton, and Cole, 522 E. Penn, are still on the job, though both take it a little easier than they did a few years ago. All of their years of service, if added up, would take you back to the turn of the eighteenth century. And nothing has happened in Whittier since 1896 which hasn't been heard by one of these men—probably long before it became general knowledge, or even if it never became general knowledge at all.

"I can learn more," former President Herbert Hoover told ex-Whittier College President Walter F. Dexter, a friend of Cole's, "from my barber than I can from almost anyone. He can tell me about the local angle in politics, about local incidents, about practically anything." And the former president was not the first man to make that discovery. "We often hear of things and then see them in the paper, not that day, but the next day, or maybe," Cole chuckles, "the paper never gets it at all."



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Sarff Gets a Laugh



Cole Relaxes

Sometimes barber and customer engage in conversation, sometimes the customer tells the barber he doesn't want to talk and doesn't want to listen, either, as did a surgeon from Murphy hospital the other day. He had just completed an emergency operation and wanted to rest his nerves along with his tonsorial treatment.

"Yes, sir," Scott reminisces, "I stood behind a chair for 50 years and never stopped learning my trade. Never found two beards alike, nor two heads of hair, nor two men, for that matter."



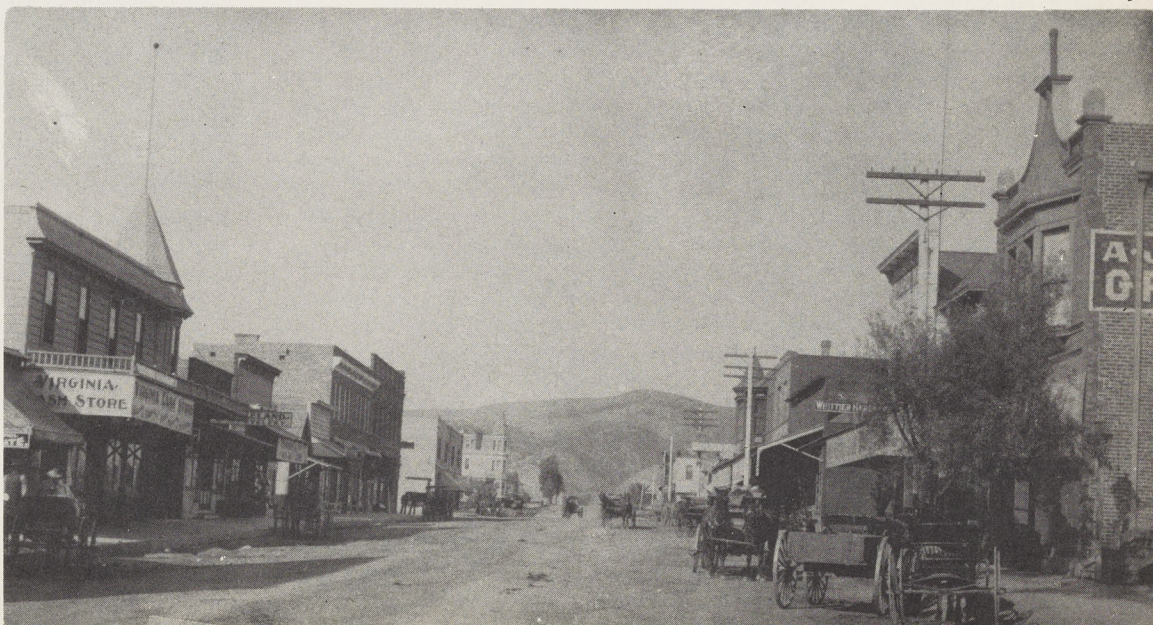
His first shop was about where the K. D. Miller Electric Store is now, at 128 S. Greenleaf. There was a board sidewalk then, about four feet up from the street, which was full of chuck holes and the road was covered with gravel from a hill near the present site of Murphy Memorial hospital. The hill had been presented to the Quakers for Whittier college, but proved more valuable as a gravel pit.

"A man named Thompson ran a hotel where the Radio Den is now (223 W. Philadelphia). He had a surrey and used to meet the SP train, which ran twice daily to and from Los Angeles. He would lure prospective customers with the claim that he had 'the only 25-foot piece of cement sidewalk in town'."

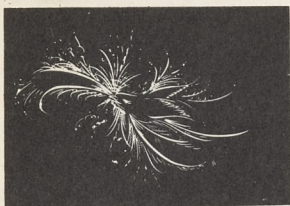
The only other barber shop in Whittier in the nineties was run by a colored man named Marc Antony, Scott recalls. Nearly every man wore a mustache and many wore beards, which needed trimming regularly. Some of the younger men were more or less clean shaven. Wednesdays and Saturdays were "shaving days," but whether bearded, mustached, or clean shaven, facial hair in those days was the most vital concern of the barber, scalplocks being of secondary interest. Now, of course, with inflated prices, the easiest way a man can save 70 cents a day is by plying his safety or electric razor himself, and the shop's



PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER E. BUTLER
John C. Scott, right, in his shop in 1903.



PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER E. BUTLER
Looking up Greenleaf from in front of Wardman Theater in 1902.



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"Jonathan was an interesting man. He was stolid and determined. Like many Quakers, he was smooth shaven around the mouth. Whenever I finished shaving him, he'd run his tongue around to make sure I'd done a smooth job next to his lips. It was characteristic of him.

"Just before he passed away, I was sent for to go to his home and shave him, since he couldn't come to the shop. He was lying in a coma on a big bed in his room. He wasn't an overly tall man, about five feet nine inches, I'd say. But he was very broad, and he was in the middle of the bed, so I had to get up on it with him to do my work.

"Bailey was unconscious, but I shaved him, and when I finished, he stuck

Scott and his wife, with many other Whittierites, used to trek to the "Reform School," as it was called each Sunday afternoon to hear the band give its regular concert. There they might meet Jim Harvey, who ran a blind pig at Guirado and the Boulevard, and for whom Jimtown was named, and other prominent people or characters-about-town, attracted by about the only amusement offering this side of Los Angeles. People worked long hours then. Cole recalls that in many towns barbers worked until 9 p. m. every night and until midnight Saturdays. There were no inspections then, either. "Sometimes we'd use a single towel all day—if it didn't get dirty," he said.

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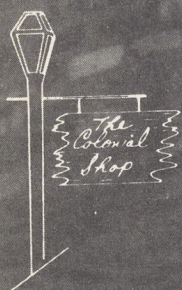
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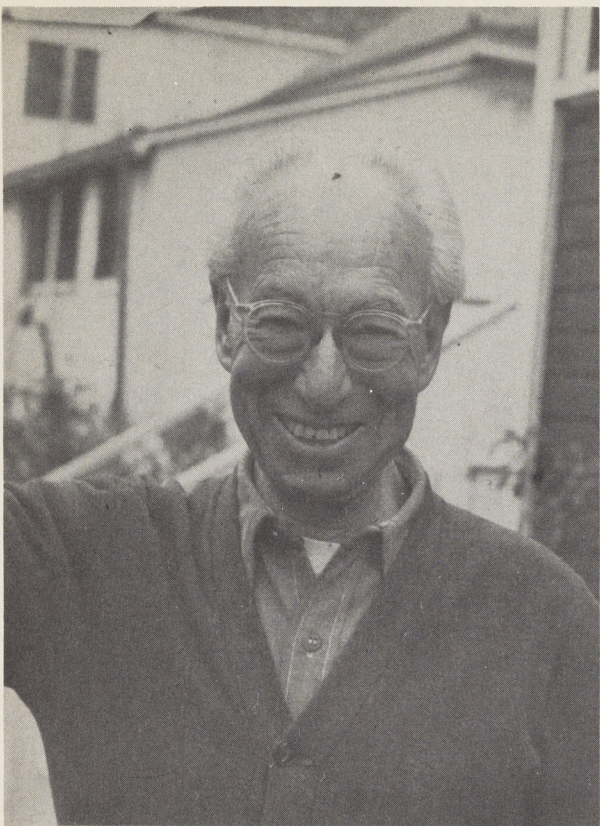
The Colonial Shop answered their wish for informal living



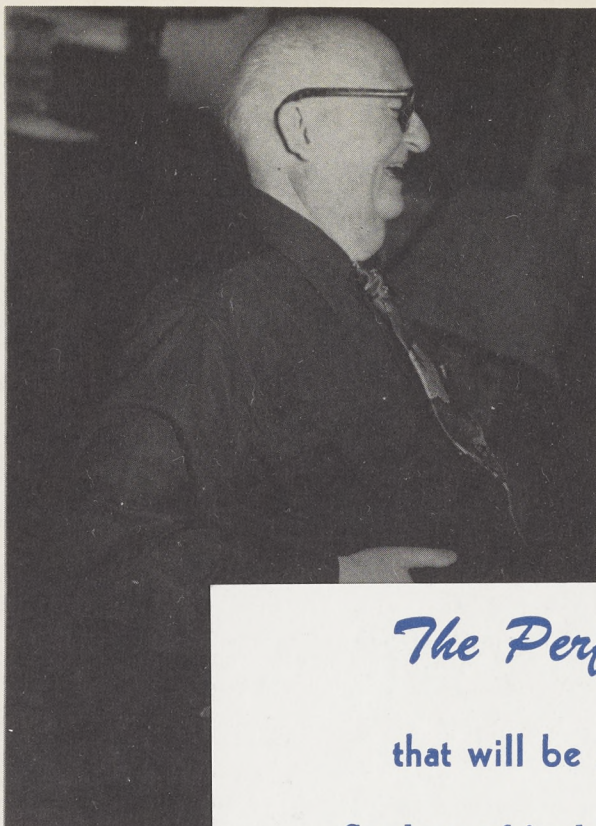
1416 West Whittier Boulevard
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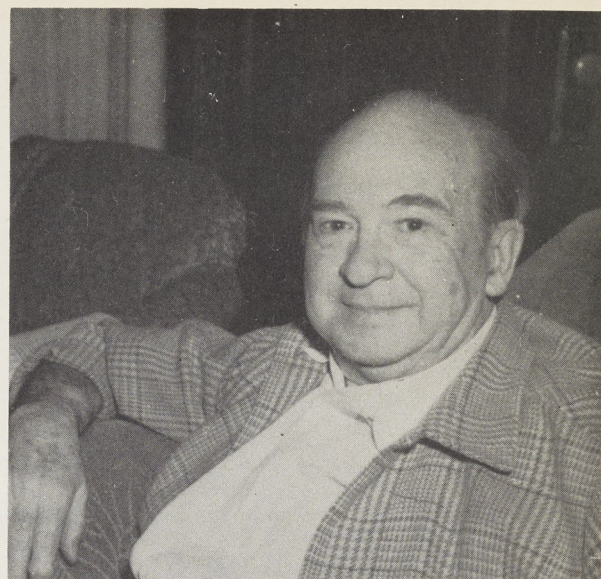
The Willard Larsons, 10415 Strong Avenue, Whittier wanted their rumpus room as informal as a hayride, yet capture in detail the warmth that makes American hospitality famous . . . the sofa covering and matching drapery are done in Aesop's Fables in tones of olive green, gold and brown . . . a large leather chair and otto-man blend with this print . . . Mrs. Larson chose Drexel's American Traditional for the swing-leg drop-leaf table, tavern chairs and cobbler's bench—all joining together to make the room a perfect place for entertaining informally.



Scotty at Home



So



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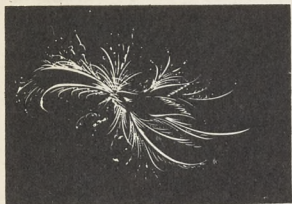


PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER E. BUTLER
John C. Scott, right, in his shop in 1903.



PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER E. BUTLER
Looking up Greenleaf from in front of Wardman Theater in 1902.

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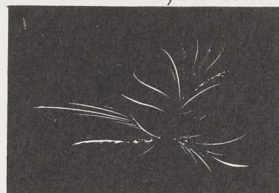
"Bailey was unconscious, but I shaved him, and when I finished, he stuck his tongue out and in a coma or not, he sent it around his lips to make sure it was a satisfactory job of shaving!"

Scott watched the first oil wells come in in 1897 and 1898, married a girl from Santa Barbara on May 22, 1899, and by the time the twentieth century arrived, was well established behind the sign with the red-and-white stripes which barbers use to remind them of the days when barbers were also surgeons; the red indicating that they were adept at blood-letting, an important surgical proceeding in the Middle Ages.

Both Scott and Cole had the honor of shaving William Jennings Bryan, whom Sarff, incidentally, resembles to an astonishing degree. Sarff, who heard Bryan speak as did the other two barbers (each in a different part of the country), thinks that silver-tongued Democrat one of the grandest men who ever lived. Both Cole and Scott remember a comment that Bryan made to them, in each case concerning politics:

"I got about all of the votes in the country, but I couldn't get elected," Bryan told Scott. He said to Cole that "I got the votes, but didn't get the office." In both cases he referred to the two races with McKinley in which Bryan lost out by less than a million votes.

Another prominent Scott customer was Judge Edward J. Guirado. "I gave Eddie Guirado his first haircut," Scott laughed. "He never did forgive me for it."



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Sarff had come to Whittier even earlier. He arrived in Los Angeles from Everett in 1915 and in May of that year came to Whittier, then a town of 5,000, working for Harrison Pitts in a shop where Ralph's grocery now is on W. Philadelphia. At that time a cluster of small buildings on the site housed the shop, a bakery, the Gwinn grocery and other establishments. Then one night there was a beautiful fire, and the whole settlement burned to the ground. It was quite a blaze and no one ever knew for sure how it started.

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The Colonial Shop

answered their wish for informal living

1416 West Whittier Boulevard
(Whittier Theater Building)
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for the swing-leg drop-leaf table, tavern chairs and cobbler's bench—all
joining together to make the room a perfect place for entertaining informally.

ANNOUNCEMENT

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The new owner, C. Orin Swain, is taking over all interests in and to the above firm and will continue to operate a complete real estate service organization, at the same location, 240 East Philadelphia St.

Lew W. Kibler and George F. Hall will continue with Mr. Swain as real estate brokers.

George Seemann and Lotus Gartin will remain as salesmen.

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Barber Clarence Cole works on customer in Hudson & Frederick shop.

"After the fire, I put a chair in the First National Bank building (where Bank of America now is)," Sarff recalls. "One of my several competitors said, 'I wouldn't last three months.'" He chuckles. "Only one of *them* is still in business, and I think he is the one who made that crack."

The bank building then had two stories. There was a horse trough in front (on Greenleaf) and each Founders' Day prominent citizens were dunked in it. Whittier's only beauty shop, run by a Madame Virgil ("I remember the name

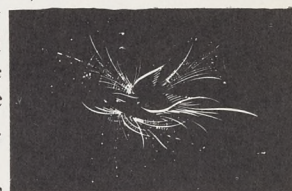


because it is the same as my first one") was situated about where the Hoover hotel is now. After the first world war, women went along with an apparently deliberate campaign to make themselves as unattractive as possible, wore dresses designed to be ugly, accepted unattractive skirt lengths, chopped off their hair, and Madame Virgil and Virgil Sarff split the latter business between them. During that decade before beauty shops, women frequented barber shops for their bobs, and Madame Virgil's for their marcel. And when, finally, a salesman came around with one of the first of the new-fangled permanent wave machines, Sarff tossed him out of the place.

"I have enough troubles," he told him, "without getting a machine to burn my customers' scalps!"

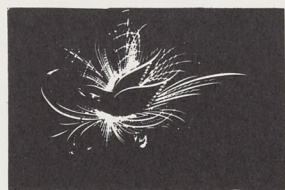
Sarff, who works now at Smallwood's Barber Shop, 315 S. Greenleaf, had always wanted to be a writer. The first thing he noticed about Madame Virgil's was that she "had a neat sign out front." He never did meet the lady, but always admired that sign.

When he entered first grade, in a little school near Lone Prairie, Minn., the first exercise the teacher gave the students was to copy some printing she had put on the blackboard. She had printed some words, and written the same words in long-hand; she told the first graders to copy down only the printed ones (which she thought would be task enough). But Virgil was fascinated by the hand-writing and, to the teacher's amazement, he copied accurately not the printing, but the long-hand. He has specialized in handwriting ever since.



He went to a commercial school at Salem, Ore., for a time, and there met a good penman, in the most flourishing sense of the term. It took only a glance at the flowing lines to make a confirmed admirer out of Sarff, and he has practiced the art, taken correspondence courses in it, and worked hard at it ever since. If, during the last political campaign, you received a batch of Nixon literature addressed in a fine, distinctive hand-writing, you may have been one of the 500 to whom Sarff addressed envelopes.

In short, Sarff is one of the few members remaining of that once-considerable company of craftsmen known as master penman. In the days before the typewriter, penmanship was a fine art, avidly practiced: now it is vanishing along with harness-making, oratory, and blacksmithing.



"Penmanship once was a necessary craft for prominent people," says Sarff. "Take Benjamin Franklin. He had a good, workmanlike pen—nothing fancy or super-ornate, but a good, neat hand." A far cry from today's adage that "great men always have illegible handwriting!"

Besides hand-writing as such, Sarff became interested in pen-and-ink art and has several remarkable examples of his work hanging in his home. For something like the "Stag at Bay," he figures he put in the equivalent of 10 eight-hour days.

All barbers, apparently, have hobbies. Cole's for instance, is baseball. He pitched professional ball for five years (on Sundays) and will argue about anything connected with the national game: "Can't understand why some fellows claim a ball won't curve—I've curved them a foot or two." Scott's hobby, too, always has been sports. He used to furnish cups for track events when Coach Van Cleave was at Whittier College. He also liked autos, which were sporting ventures in pre-World War I days, and although he never owned a horse in his life, brags still of a 1911 Hudson which he thinks is the best car he ever owned.

Rosemary Places 6th In Beauty Contest



Wearing a 1951 forest green bathing suit, Rosemary Nagy, who last appeared in THE PICTORIAL as a cooking expert, out-paced 61 of 67 competitors at Long Beach municipal auditorium recently, and placed sixth in a bathing beauty contest sponsored by the Artists and Models Association of Southern California.

Rosemary is the daughter of Mrs. J. J. Sebastian, 11153 See Dr., who calls her "Sassy," by way of a nickname. Partly as a result of this contest, Miss Nagy was made hostess at a recent fashion-show-by-invitation at the J. W. Robinson store in L. A. She works at the store anyway, in the prosaic shirts department (one grade up from the shorts department, where she started).

She is studying modelling at the Patricia Stevens Modelling school, taking a 50-hour course, at the rate of about three hours a week. The course includes such necessary modelling accomplishments as proper use of makeup, walking, posing, and so on. She seems to be doing well at her studies.

All Balled Up Over Nothing

When they make them do you think they think
you think you're getting more?—

You cannot cram them in your purse.

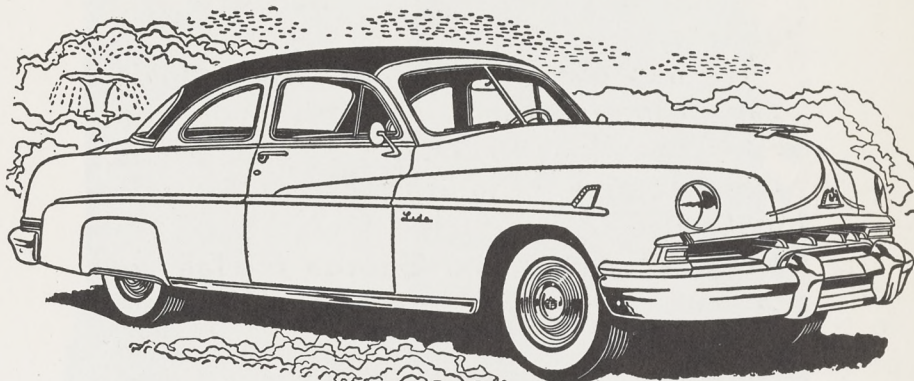
They get stuck in a drawer.
They pop up out of baskets
and go rolling on the floor . . .

Perhaps my wants aren't average.

I'd like to know the rules.—
Why do they put darning cotton
on such great big spools?

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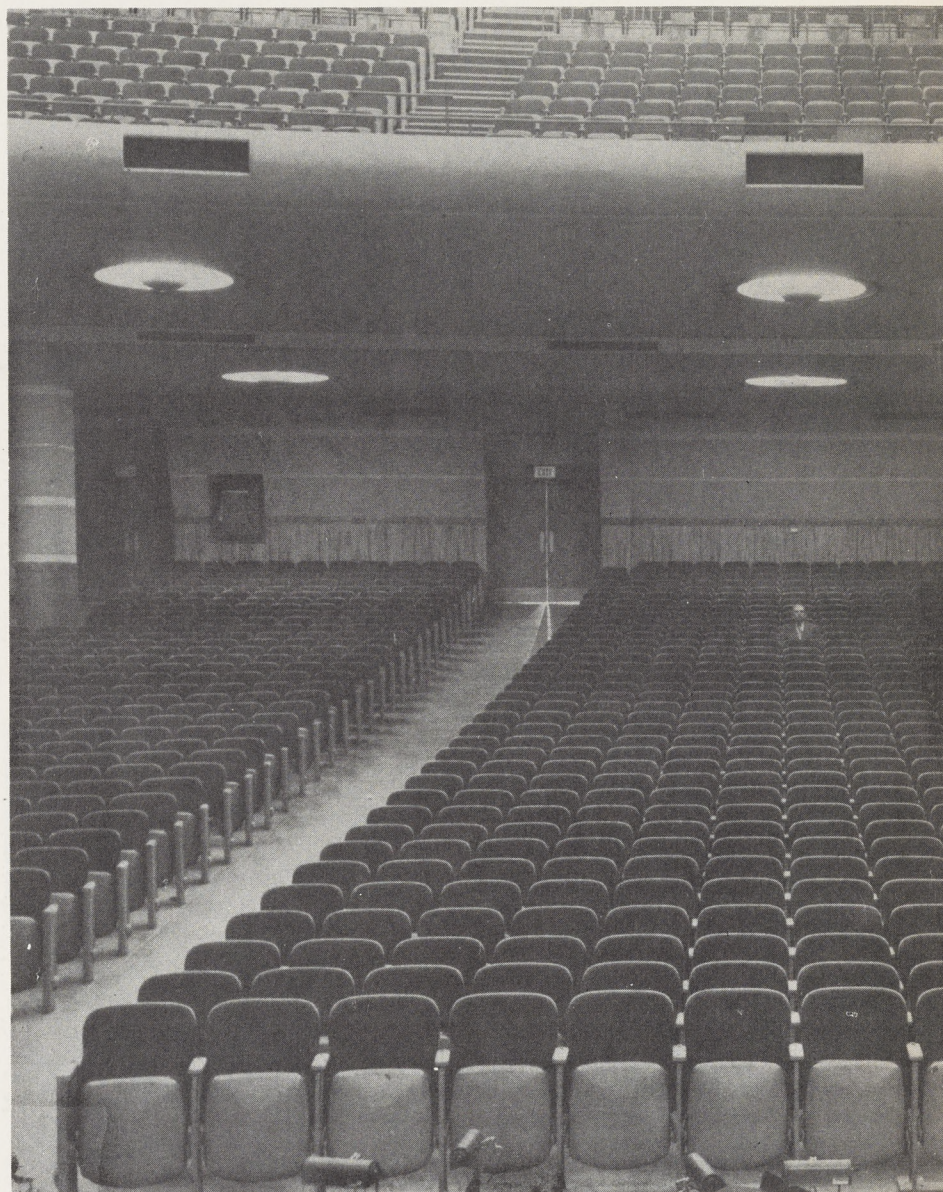
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Whittier Faces



Empty seats may keep Los Angeles Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra from

Whittier stands in grave danger of losing its prized series of symphony concerts. The reason is distressingly simple: not enough people go to them.

The Whittier Philharmonic Artists Association, sponsor of the local musical events, is saddled with a \$1500 deficit that must be made up this season if the series is to continue next fall.

In a last-ditch fight to keep the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra coming to the Whittier Union High School auditorium, the association's directors have proclaimed the February 18 concert as "Whittier Guest Night."

Star of the evening will be tempestuous Artur Rodzinski, now guest conducting for the Philharmonic, who is one of the greatest drawing-cards in the history of contemporary orchestral music. In an unprecedented move, the association is now selling single-concert tickets at \$2 and needs to sell at least 1000 of them to get itself out of the hole.

If not enough people buy the \$2 tickets and the deficit remains, the local organization of music-lovers will have to choose among four drastic courses:

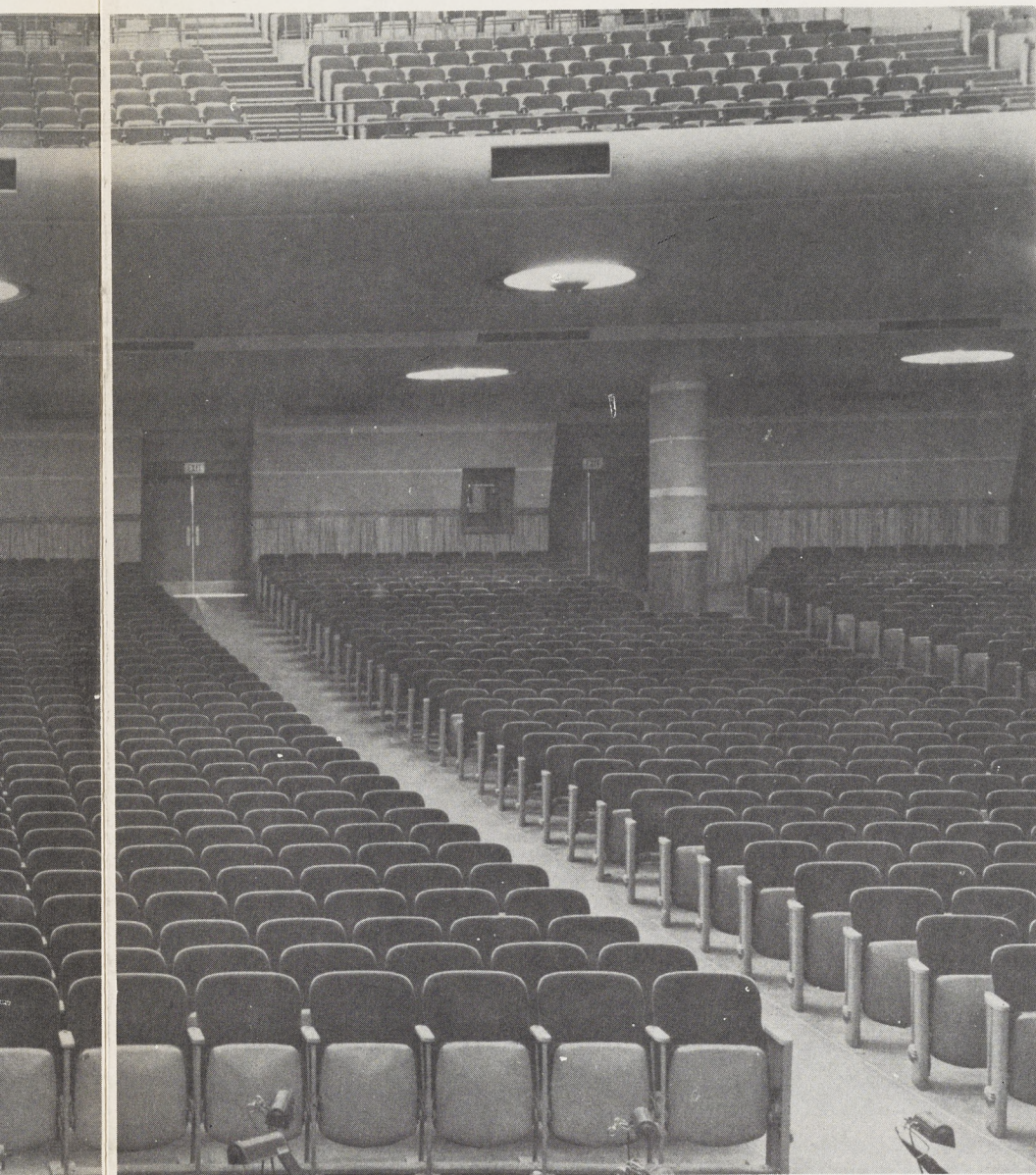
1. It might cancel the final concert (April 22) and replace the \$2000-per-night orchestra with a lower-priced soloist.
2. It might schedule an extra event in an effort to recoup some of the season's loss.
3. It might sell its \$4,000 orchestra shell—the huge sounding board that makes the high school auditorium one of the best, acoustically, in the Southland.
4. It might be forced to terminate the series with this season, thus concluding—on a sour note—the widely hailed visits of the Philharmonic and its artists to Whittier.

None of the first three alternatives is a particularly good remedy for the ailing association. At best, they are temporary palliatives, with no guarantee of a permanent cure. And the fourth alternative—farewell to the Philharmonic in Whittier—amounts to euthanasia.

The only surefire cure is in the hands of the sixty or seventy thousand people living in the Greater Whittier area. If they are told about the concert series and then fail to take advantage of it, then perhaps the Philharmonic has no business in performing in Whittier.

For, after all, fine music cannot be forced upon unwilling listeners. It must

s Loss of Symphony



y Orches tra from coming to Whittier high school auditorium ever again.

be sought, supported and sought again. It will die a lingering death if people here buy tickets for the concerts only as a sop for their desire to associate themselves with the oft-touted 'cultural advantages' of living in Whittier.

Now, unfortunately, is not the time to examine reasons why the association has failed to secure broad public support for the concerts. Now is the time when Whittierites who want to keep the Philharmonic coming here must contact their friends and acquaintances and urge them to attend "Whittier Guest Night."

Tickets are on sale at Lovell's, 175 N. Greenleaf, and at the Chamber of Commerce, William Penn Hotel building.

The February 18 concert, then, will be outstanding on three counts. First, Whittier is the only smaller community in which Dr. Rodzinski will consent to conduct. Second, the program includes a composition by Aaron Anshalomoff that has never before been played in the West. Third, it may well be the life-and-death performance for Whittier's symphony series.

Here is the complete program:

- I —VIVALDI-SILOTI, Concerto Grosso in D Major.
- II —AARON ANSHALOMOFF, "Peiping Hutungs".
- III—RICHARD STRAUSS, Suite from opera "Der Rosenkavalier."

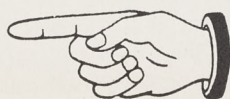
Intermission

- IV —TSCHAIKOWSKY, Symphony No. 4 in F Minor, opus 36.
 - 1. Andante Sostenuto moderato con anima in movimento di valse.
 - 2. Andantino in modo di canzona.
 - 3. Scherzo: Pizzicato ostinato; allegro.
 - 4. Finale: Allegro con fuoco.

★ ★ ★

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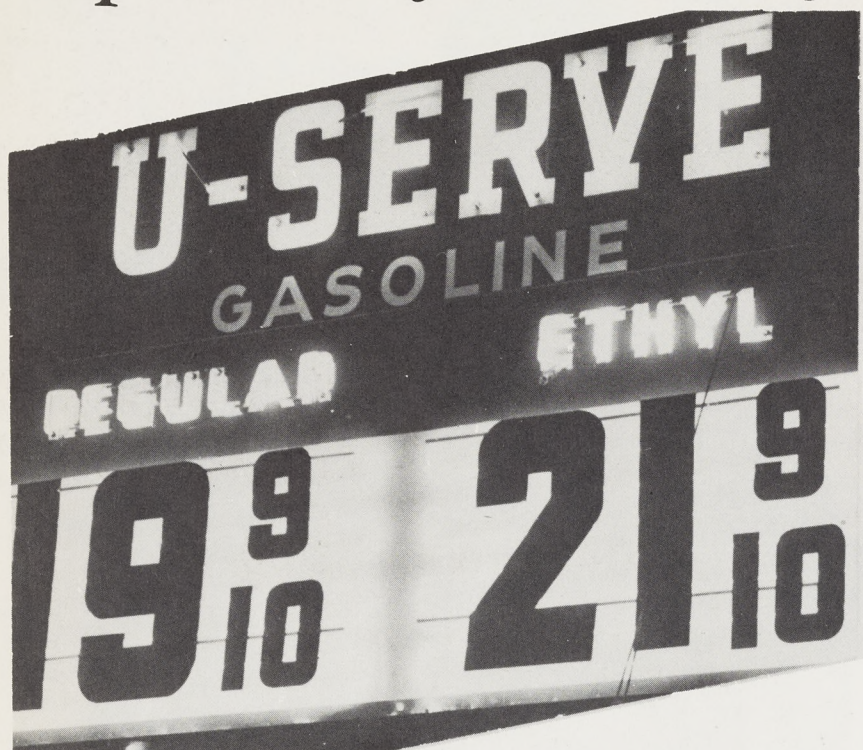
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Button, Button -- Mrs. Conrad Has 15,000



Mrs. Conrad hunts for particular card among hundreds she has stored in trunk, cabinet, several drawers, and elsewhere.

Mrs. J. H. Conrad started collecting buttons only 10 years ago, but she must have gone into it with considerable enthusiasm, since her collection now numbers at least 15,000 and is growing daily, almost hourly. Despite the enormous number of buttons, which she has squeezed into almost every nook of her sun porch, she says she knows each specimen and can tell instantly whether one offered her is duplicated by one in her files.

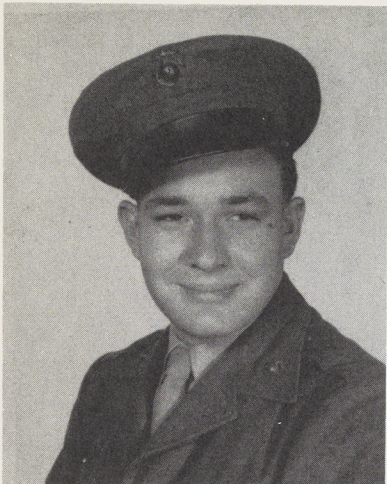
The collection, she says, is priceless—in that she wouldn't take anything for it. Some of the buttons are quite valuable in themselves. There are many curious ones.

She has a gold button which was worn by a guard to Mexican emperor, Maximilian and his empress, Carlotta. She has a button from a uniform of the 1861-65 war, a square wooden button ornamented with imbedded toothpicks, a button worn by the wife of Walter Gresham, secretary of State to President Grover Cleveland. In her collection are buttons of deer antler, elk's tooth, jet, made of Roman coins and one 10-centavos coin from Mexico. She has buttons from almost every continent, including hand painted Japanese buttons worth \$15 or \$25 each.

Her collection is mostly mounted on large white cards, but since they are not arranged quite in accordance with National Button Association standards, she has never entered any part of her collection in shows. She is still avid for more of them, though, and would be willing to trade some fine china and other things for new ones to add to her collection. Her only requirements are that the button be designed to be useful, and that it be unlike any she now has.

Mr. Conrad, she admits, sometimes grumbles that despite a "houseful of buttons," he has trouble keeping the requisite number on his shirts. "But he's just kidding," Mrs. Conrad says.





Pvt. Arthur W. Newton, jr., 11485 E. Aldrich looked like the picture at left four months ago when his outfit shipped for Korea. After a few months of war, he looks like the picture at right, which he sent to his parents the other day.

A Little War Goes A Long Way

As the pictures above show, it doesn't take long for war to age a man. Sgt. Newton (no relation to Pvt. Newton) could also vouch for that—and he has seen a lot of it in his 27 years—in the Marshalls, on Saipan, Tinian, and bloody Iwo, and finally, in Korea.

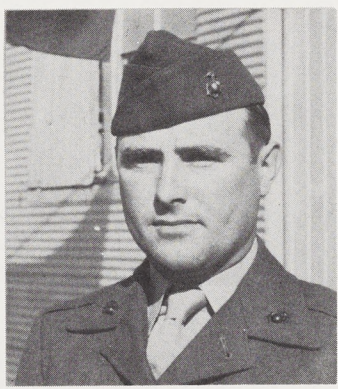
Near Hageru (as the communiques spelled it) he was standing machinegun watch one night. It was bitterly cold. His issue clothing kept him warm—all except his feet. He stood up to try to stamp some circulation into them when an enemy mortar shell burst behind him, knocking him out for about three minutes. Suffering from brain concussion, he was evacuated to Japan, and thence to this country.

His ambition? To rejoin the outfit. As many another combat veteran before him has reported, morale improves as difficulties mount and the closer to the line, the better the spirit.

"You don't get bored up there," he says.



Staff Sgt. Anthony Persi, right, 610 Rhea Vista Dr., and a friend, Staff Sgt. Maxwell, tour the market square at Masan, Korea, January 2. That was when things were going pretty bad for the marines and soldiers in that embattled country.



Sgt. Robert D. Newton, 27, on 15-days' leave from Santa Margarita hospital, where he was recuperating from a Red near-miss mortar burst.



Sgt. Newton gets interviewed by News photographer Richard Poor.



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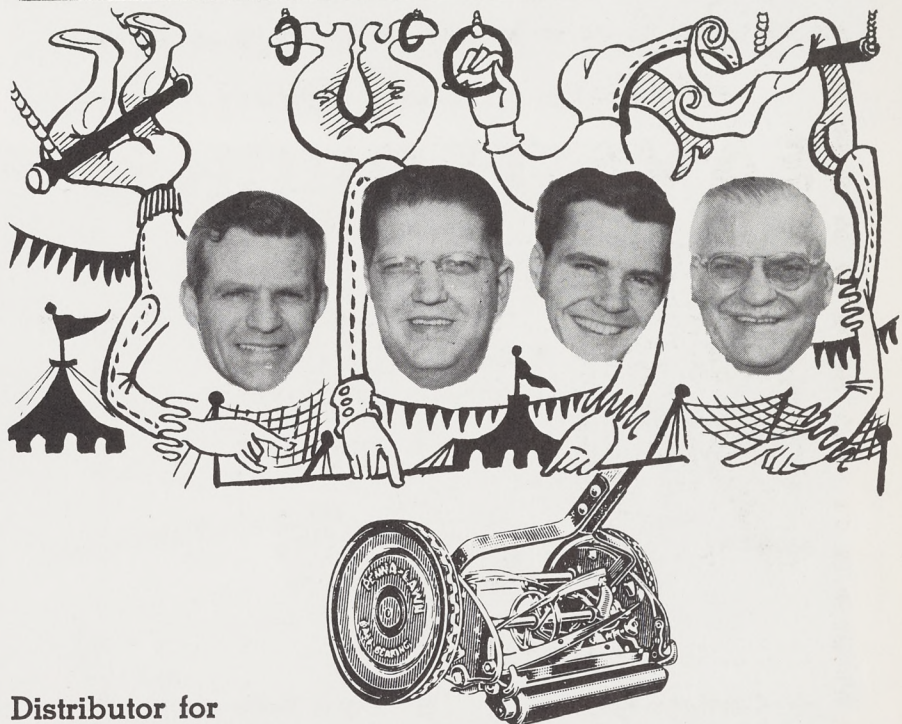
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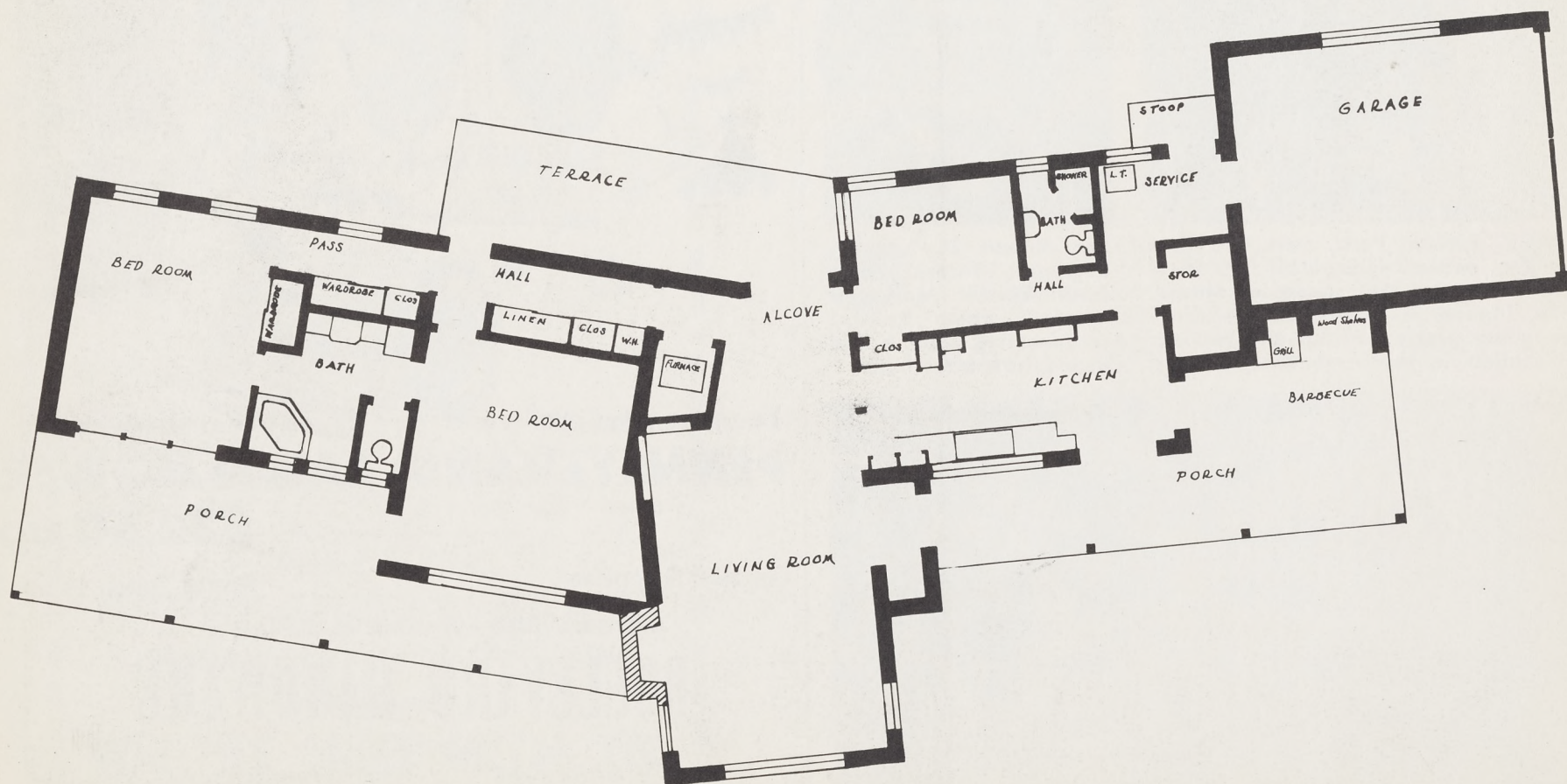
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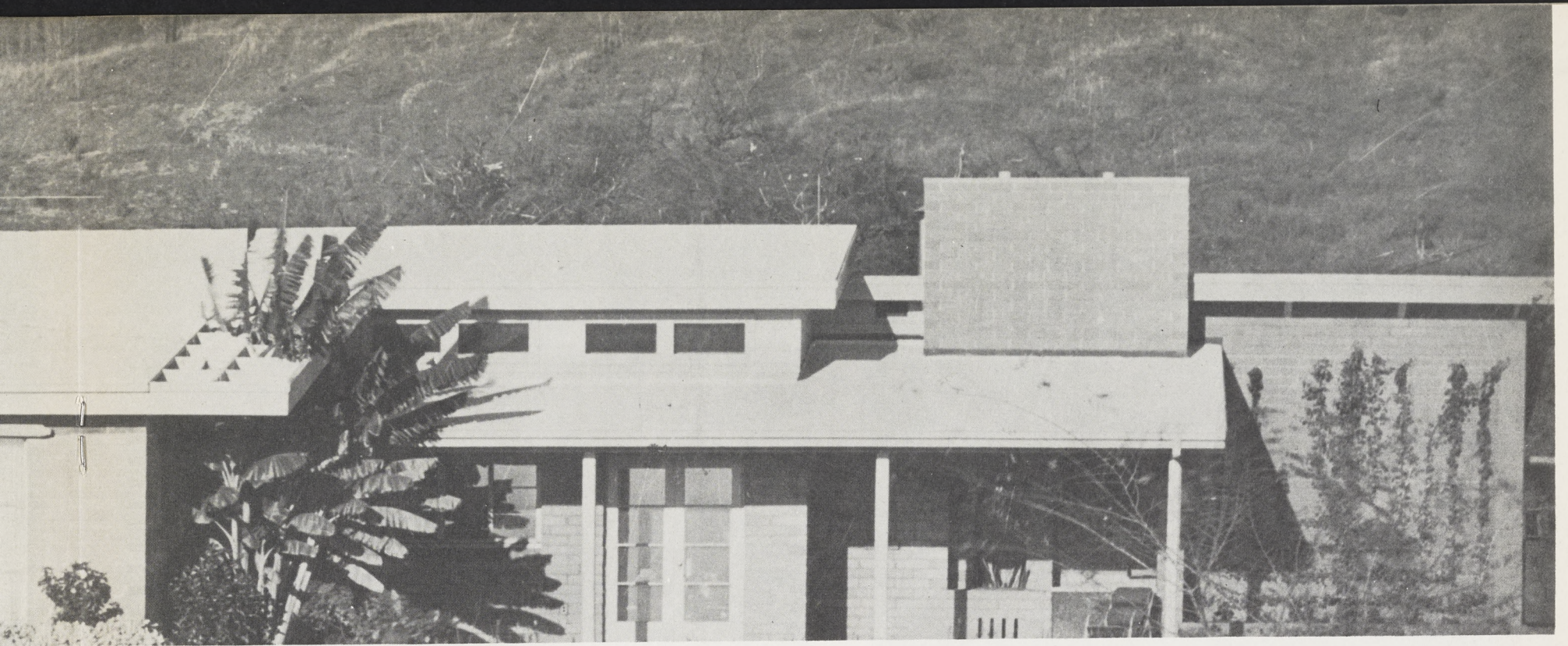


Kitchen has conventional and clerestory windows, two doors to make it sunniest room in house.

home + hearth

Perched high above Beverly fountain, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Pellissier at 1249 Davidson Drive is a prime example of the way time-honored adobe brick can be utilized in the construction of the modern ranch-style luxury house. Its thick exterior walls support shed roofs sloping sharply in opposite directions, their angles broken by clerestory windows that bring sky light to the living room, kitchen and one of the three bedrooms.





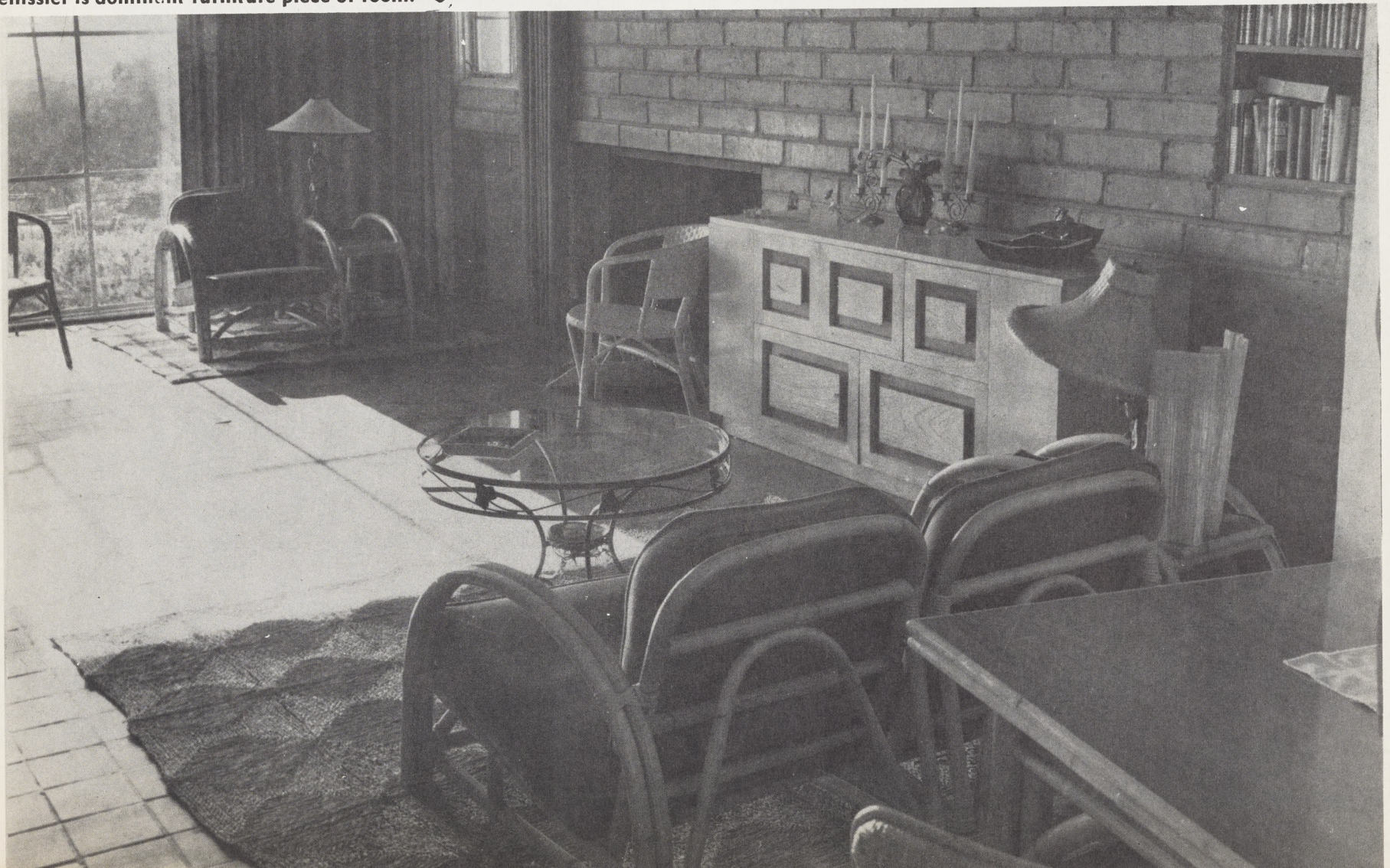
Aside from the warmth they lend to the living room and master bedroom, adobe bricks are prized because their composition keeps outside dampness where it belongs—outside. Another feature of the 2900-sq.-ft. Pellissier home is a wide porch that virtually encircles it, providing shade porch and sun porch the year 'round.

It was designed by Lawrence Test, of Pasadena, on what used to be a lemon grove. With three bedrooms and two baths, rattan furniture and subdued decorative tones, it has a snugness many smaller, more austere modern houses fail to achieve. Built on a hillside three quarters of an acre, it cost about \$42,000 in 1946.

Because it backs up against the beginning of the uninhabited Puente hills, the Pellissier garden is a popular feeding place for gophers. "They not only eat everything that grows except weeds," Mrs. Pellissier declares, "but they don't even run and hide when we catch them at it." (Continued on Page 23)

Living room floor is done in quarry tile. Reed rug and rattan furniture harmonize with adobe walls.

Sage drapes, coral-painted wooden ceiling provide living room color theme. Large red-trimmed hackberry wood radio cabinet built by Bob Pellissier is dominant furniture piece of room.



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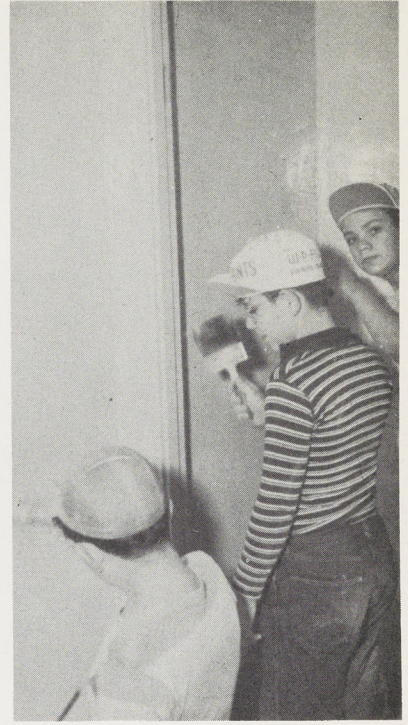


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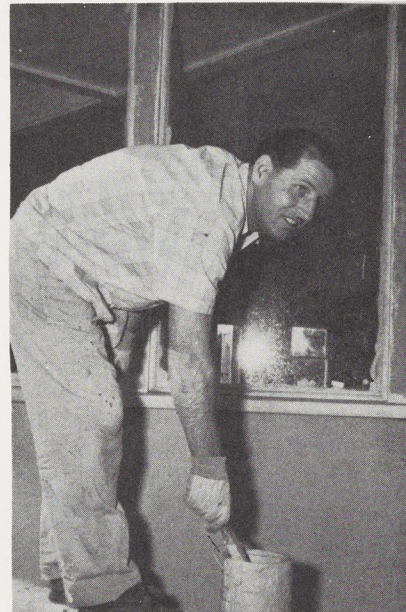
Phone OX 4-3172



Ralph Hopping, scoutmaster troop 470, Melvin Fronk, troop 466, paint while Hugh McMillan, Legion commander directs.



Richard Williams, Jack Grubbs, Dick Martin, troop 466, paint interior.



C. L. Knisely, 466 troop committee chairman, does his bit.



Jack Grubbs, Jimmy Cathcart, Dennis Evans, Kenneth Maus, paint north wall of Youth Center. All except Evans are of troop 466 and he is from troop 470.

Scouts Do Good Turn

The Boy Scouts, at least, heard the call for help from Legionaires and other volunteers working to complete the Youth Center for the community, and members of two troops have spent several Saturdays painting and doing other work down at Palm Park.

Legion Commander Hugh McMillan says that thanks to the scouts, many members of the Legion and a few other volunteers, the center will be far enough along for an "official opening" celebration sometime in February. There still will be plenty that needs doing, however, so if you've a mind to help, let the Legion know about it.

Corral 3 Goes for Sunday Ride In Hills



Riders halt for breather. Clarence Sultzer, Garvey on Alka Seltzer, foreground, with son at right; Howard Patton, Rosemead, left and son, Gary, behind.

◀ Bud DeWeese, Pico, on palomino heads one group. Horsemen can be seen descending big hill in distance.

Horsemen then take off along ridge toward west.



It is quite a thrill to see a troop of more than half a hundred horsemen riding the ridges within sight of Whittier. That thrill came to a PICTORIAL photographer the other Sunday while he was fossil hunting with Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Hutcheson in the Puente Hills.

Sixty-two horsemen of "Corral 3" had started the five hour ride, and there seemed to be at least that many in the group which rode by. Mrs. V. E. Oyler, 9413 E. Friendship Ave., Pico, secretary of the group, was not present, but did

furnish the names for the captions used here. Many of these riders also belong to the Whittier Riding Club, which, however, is a completely separate group.

Corral 3, like other such organizations in California, are affiliated with a state trails association which looks out for the interests of the growing body of pleasure horsemen in the state. Membership of Corral 3 is up from a postwar low of 42 to about 210, Mrs. Oyler said.

The Place That People Are Talking About

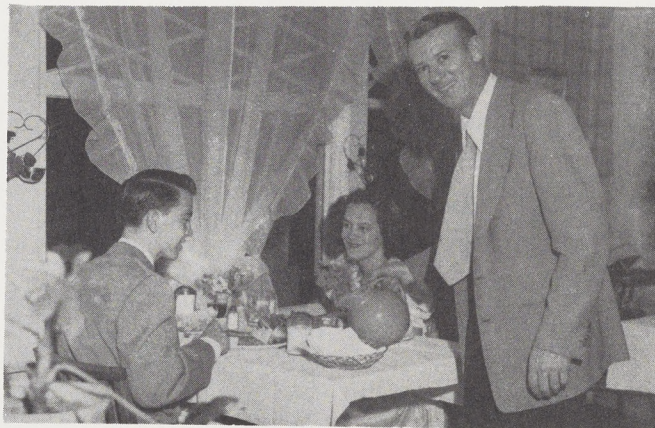


Pleasing Atmosphere

The smiles on these young faces (left) attest to the congenial and informal atmosphere at CARY'S OF WHITTIER. What more could a person dining out wish? . . . good food and service, plus a pleasant atmosphere. (Center) "Bus-boy" Clint Cary, co-owner of CARY'S and prominent in Orange County civic and political circles, is personally pouring

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water for two popular members of Whittier's younger set. The handsome chap is enjoying some of CARY'S famous French-fried prawns. (Right) A group of Whittier youngsters dines in one of the spacious dining rooms at CARY'S before attending the recent Girls' League Prom.

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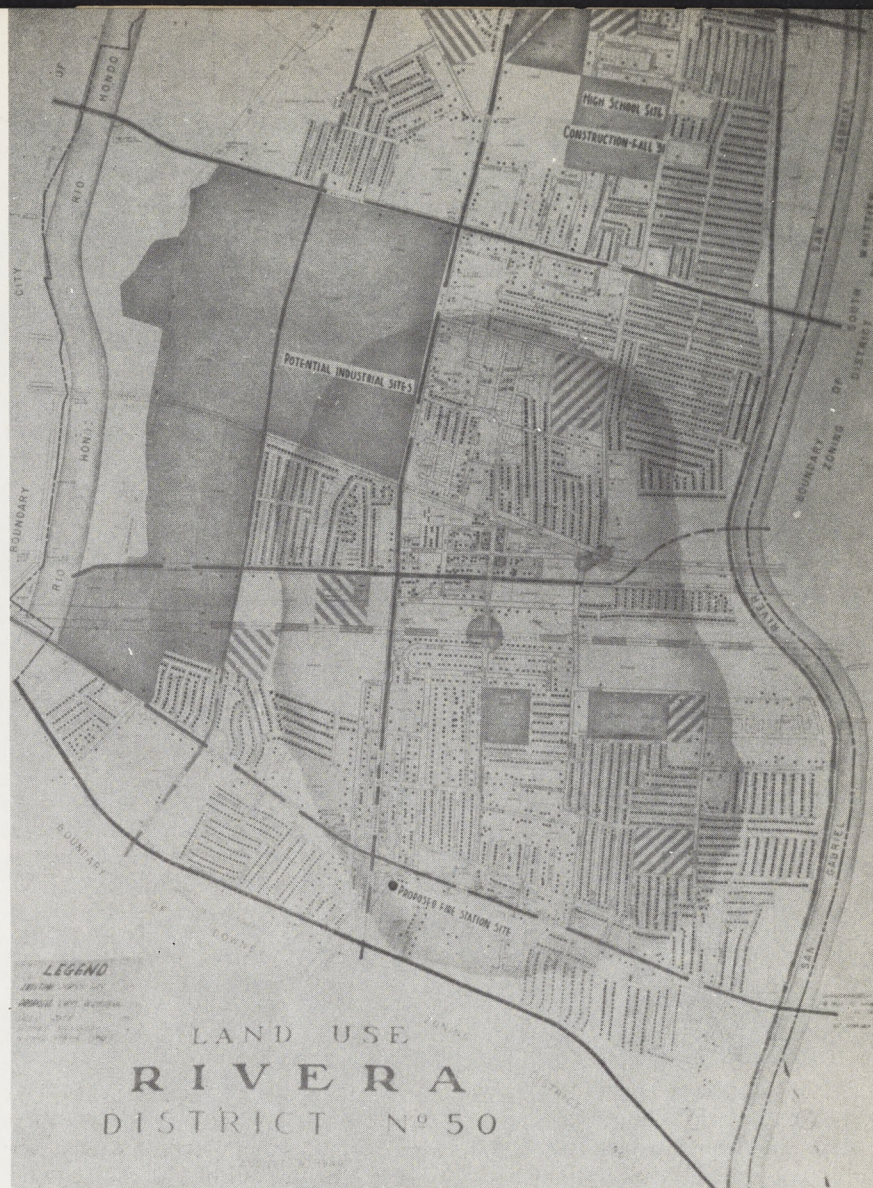
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THE WHITTIER PICTORIAL FOR FEBRUARY 1, 1951



Charts show growth of Rivera school district in matter of little over 24 months. Purple blotch on chart at right delineates "hottest residential building area in state of California." District is bounded by Washington Blvd., north, Anaheim-Telegraph, south, Rio Hondo and San Gabriel River. In Rivera district there are 3,316 homes actually built or under construction (chart at right), compared with 541 in 1948.

the Miraculous Mr. Magee

Part II

By KAY LOWERY

(This is the second of two articles about Rivera's Larry Magee)

Lawrence T. Magee, superintendent of Rivera's elementary schools, faced a herculean task in 1949 when he set out to house the swarming masses of new students who came knocking at the doors in September. But, if he had the job, he also had a mountainous personality that rallied forces behind him, willing to do whatever he suggested whenever he wished it done. He'd got the P. T. A. behind him because mothers and fathers soon saw that "he always had the good of our youngsters before him;" he rallied his teachers to more work by giving them responsibility and trust commensurate with the size of the job, by looking to their futures as often as he was aware of their needs; and he got the full support of his board because they soon discovered that "he was one man in hundreds who could do this job that we desperately needed done".

That fall the school housing situation in Rivera was fantastically impossible. An old ranching community, quiet and farmerish, and with acres of citrus, Rivera was pulling up trees by the roots. Surveyors laid out tract sites as fast as reluctant owners would part with parcels that had in some cases been in the same family a hundred years. It meant that the district, before then hardly a community at all with only a few scattered stores, was to become one of the fastest growing settlements in suburban Los Angeles. It meant that hundreds of families with their hundreds of children would be expecting educational facilities immediately—and that from a single school that had run along for years with an enrollment of fewer than 250 students.

Magee went over the situation for the umpteenth time, looking for a straw of hope. The preceeding year the classes had been on double schedule, the kindergarten housed in the Women's Club house, the district bonded to its maximum, and then there had been only a few more than three hundred students. Four classrooms had been opened on the Serapis site—the result of an \$82,000 bond of '47—and they were already crowded. An enrollment of more than 500 would face him before the end of the year, another 500 before school opened in the fall of '50. But there was no more money—no immediate hopes of any. New tracts were opening every week and the state disaster aid had turned down

classroom funds because Rivera was eligible for only one half classroom.

The preceeding year the entire district had operated on a budget of \$99,000, almost doubling the normal annual expenditure of the early post-war years. A quarter of a million dollar budget would scarcely be sufficient within two more years; and though the new development helped considerably, most of the



At Conley's market, Magee meets, l. to r., Clint Harvey, Mrs. Magee, Rev. M. C. Carstensen of Community Baptist Church, Mrs. George F. Lennard, Conley.

buyers were veterans whose exemptions kept tax income at a minimum. There were a couple of bright spots in the financial picture, however. The Property Owner's association in an unorthodox move had already backed up a 65-cent hike in the tax rate. And the community as a whole was fired up to the emergency—they wanted to do something and do it right away. Property evaluation had more than doubled during the year so that the maximum bonding capacity would eventually be raised to a point where money might be borrowed for future classrooms. But that still didn't seat the 150 new students who lined up outside the doors in September '50.

Magee decided that the double schedule would have to be retained another year at least—possibly two or three. In the new school the kindergarten was handling tiny tots on four shifts a day, other classes, bigger than before, were running two full days into one. There still was insufficient room. Almost daily another boy or girl showed up—Mom and Pop just moved over in that new section. Magee increased the teacher loan from 30 to 40, the teachers handed out extra homework to make up for the short days, and the kids recessed less, perhaps faster, than they ever had before. Still they came. An old warehouse out behind the Slaussen street school was quickly converted into a classroom and Magee managed to complete the year with a place for every boy and girl who came.

New enthusiasm arose in the spring, for the state legislature was working on a 250 million dollar loan to schools whose building needs could not be met through normal bonding. Magee got onto the law as soon as it looked as if it might come alive—the community had already worked for its passage. He figured ahead to what the needs would be. He knew that the state wasn't handing out funds until it was certain that they were needed. He also knew that facts, not guessing estimates, would get results in Sacramento. All over the state dozens of schools would be after chunks of that money; those who got there first with the most persuasive language would very likely be ladled the gravy; the others, well, he wouldn't wait to see.

Community Survey

Working with the board and the P-TA Magee began a scientific survey of the population increase in the Rivera district. He started with the Melbo survey because it had already been done on the Whittier area and offered something to work on. But it was out-dated, so that new figures, new estimates, new counts had to be made. Mothers from the P-TA hoofed it through the new developments, cutting through half-standing groves, knocking on doors where people had already moved in. "How many children do you have and what are their ages?" All this to know what they'd have in the fall of '50, so the legislature would know and everyone could plan. Into Sacramento went the demands of this unheard-of district of farmers. And the total tabulation was fabulous in the eyes of the powers that be. Rivera was asking for over three and a quarter million dollars! It was asking for five new schools and a new administration plant! Rivera! That had only one school, a part of another one! Sacramento wanted more information. Out they went again, house to house, counting, adjusting, estimating. More papers went in.

Then the red tape began. Every few days Magee had more blanks on his desk requiring more information, meaning near-disastrous delays. He was facing an enrollment of over 1,000 within weeks, yet he was getting nowhere so far as he could see. As summer came on he began to realize that the delays could go on for months unless something was done. He went to Sacramento. He was not quite sure if he could do much, but he had learned from his army experience that it helps to be on the spot when red tape starts tangling the situation. He talked to men here, asking just what it was they wanted to know about his district; he pressed problems that had arisen in a half dozen spots and finally got exactly the information that the state needed. He phoned to Rivera to his secretary, O. J. Harnden, then made more trips back and forth, gathering, pushing, asking where he had been unable before to get any action. Finally, in June, it looked as if the thing might go through. He had compiled a 288-page report stating a need for \$3,457,009.90. It gave a detailed study of



Magee served as navigator in air force during war.

the recent expansion of Rivera. It contained facts, figures, the number of houses and students per family that would come into the school system, costs, expenditures, minimums, maximums—indeed, what literally dozens of people had been accumulating for weeks. It was a considerable multiplication of the Melbo report which 18 months earlier had already said of the warehouse classrooms and the Women's Club houses: they "are totally inadequate for school purposes"; and of the school itself: "while the main building . . . meets the requirements of the Field Act, the building cannot be considered for permanent use because the projected widening of Slaussen Ave. will place this major highway directly in front of the building".

And so with inadequate classrooms on the one hand, the threatened loss of the main school on another, and in between the prospect within another year of what would amount to a total increase in enrollment of 800 percent, Magee sat in Sacramento sweating out the acceptance or rejection of Rivera's future in education. And at the last minute somebody noticed that the 288-page report, plus the proposed purchases of land for future sites, was incomplete. It was not indicated on any paper that could be found that an officer of the Title and Trust company escrowing the property had actually seen it. Somebody had to see the properties from that office. The land might not really be there Magee got on the phone again in Sacramento, biting back his impatience for the last time. "Hello, O.J.," he spoke to his secretary; "say, will you get one of those

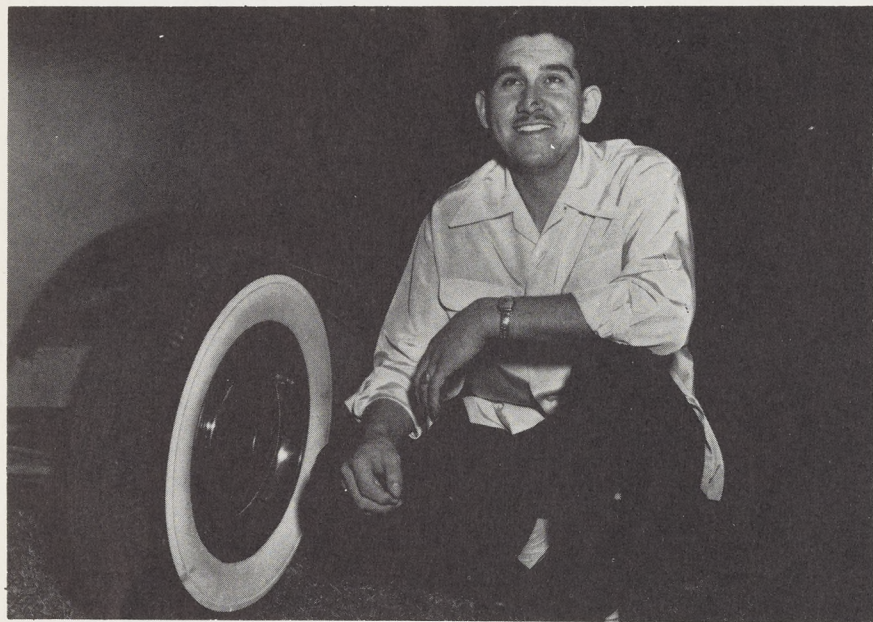


Bug house classroom; teacher, Barbara Sword.



L. T. Magee school kindergarten, four classes daily, 160 kids a day; teacher, June Oxstein.

"I can't afford to have a flat"
 --- so he bought a set of
B. F. Goodrich Tubeless Tires



A. C. Valenzuela, 11507 Sorenson Lane, says, "I am a singer with several orchestras and I can't afford to let flat tires keep me from engagements. So naturally I equipped my car with Goodrich Tubeless Tires."

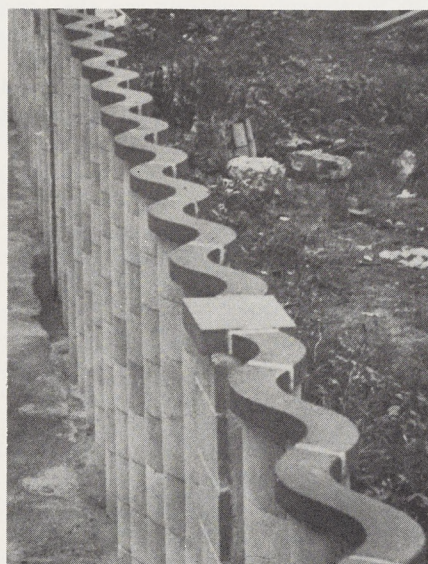
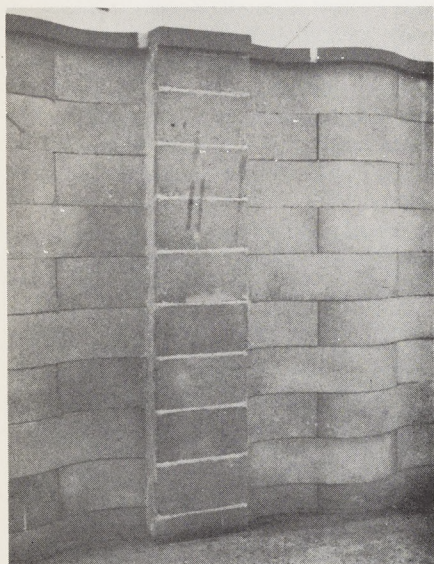
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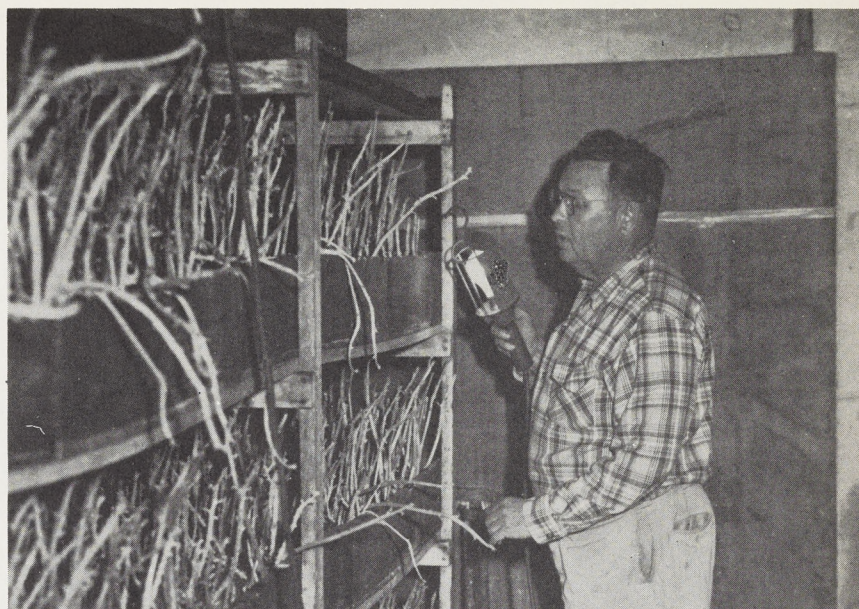
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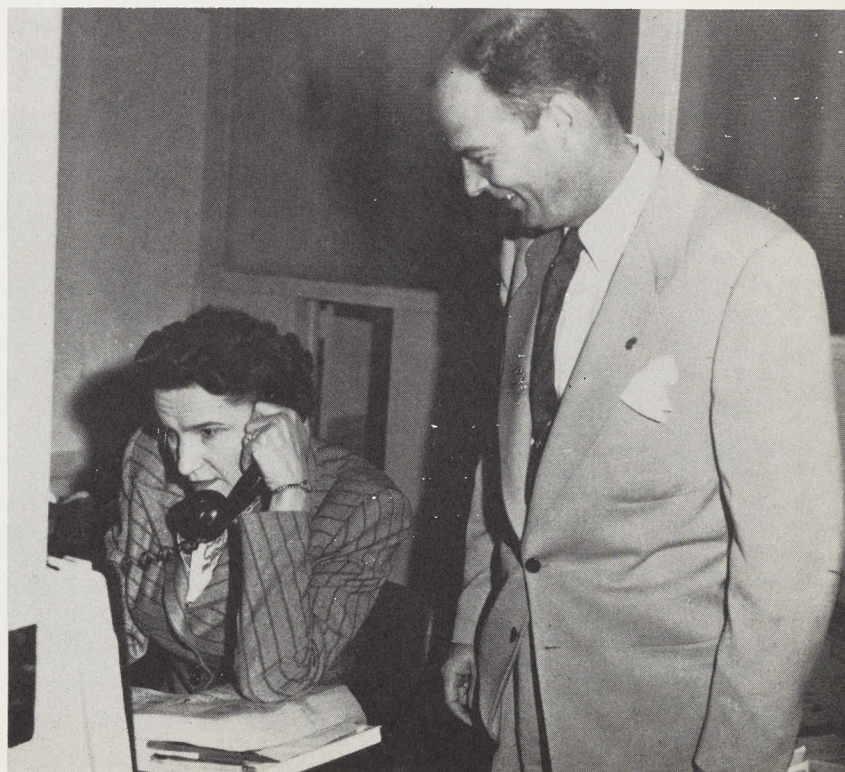


T. A. Kendall, director, inspects cultures of cryptolaemus bugs at county bug house. Plants are sweet potatoes.

title men to go out there and make sure those sites are still there?" And on the 29th of June the loan went through and it had only been cut by an amazingly small 14 thousand dollars.

But Magee was still a long way from the short Palm Springs summer vacation he had looked forward to. In the first place he had really done nothing to ease the September enrollment situation. He figured he'd have a thousand students, offhand; maybe twelve hundred, you couldn't tell the way they put these housing projects through. The new buildings which were already under-way for the school couldn't be completed before the spring of '51. Meantime he had 500 kids that he hadn't had when school let out in June and not one single additional room into which he could squeeze them. In studying past emergency schooling situations he'd come across the tent-housing that followed the earthquake. He didn't like the idea, but there seemed nothing else to do. It would cost five to 10 thousand dollars just to set up foundations for the tents and make them usable at all. Then they could not be properly heated. And after the buildings were finished in the spring, all of the money which had gone into tent housing was just so much cash lost forever. To a poor district like Rivera that was important. He went ahead planning on the tents because there was nothing else to do; but before the summer was over Magee found out about the bug houses. They were right across the road from the main school and belonged to the county; they were fairly substantial buildings and they weren't all necessary to the county for a time. They'd been built for raising bugs to put in groves to eat the mealy bug, but what with tracts eating the bugs along with the groves, there was less demand. He went to the board; they went to Supervisor Smith; and Rivera school district had itself a deal.

But the bug rooms were small. It took three of them to make a classroom big enough to use. And they were not the best housing imaginable. Some complaints were made of fire hazards and other inadequacies. But Magee bought extinguishers; tore down partitions and made classrooms—four altogether—and the cost was only \$1,200, a considerable saving over the five to 10 thousand dollars he had anticipated spending for tent housing. By September the rooms were ready; and today you can stroll down the center hall of the building and



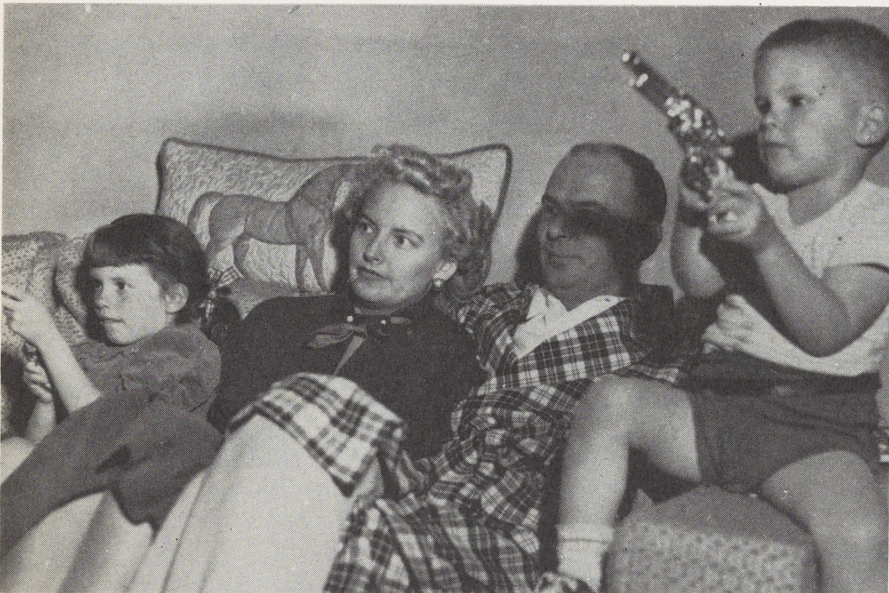
Magee and secretary, Frances McCann work out problem.

turn right or left as you choose and find schools of cryptolaemus bugs on the one hand, schools of Rivera students on the other.

In addition to the bug house rooms, Magee kept the schools on double schedules, kept the teacher load high, and has been able so far to meet the increasing enrollment. Part of the land that was purchased for school sites had two houses in good shape on them. By February these houses will be additional classrooms for the 100 new students who were expected to drop in during the month of January. (Sixty-odd walked in the first two days after vacation.) After that the building program at the L. T. Magee school will be releasing units for use; and Rivera can take a breather.

When the board turned over the naming of the new schools to the P-TA, the first unanimous decision was the naming of the Serapis St. school the Lawrence T. Magee school. They said, "He's done so much for us, we want to show him that we really appreciate it". His principal explained, "Larry engineered the whole thing." And the president of the board admitted, "I doubt if there are many men who would have got it through." Magee was embarrassed, tremendously honored, and didn't know what to do. He wasn't even sure if it would be proper and at first turned the idea down. But the P-TA wasn't so easily moved; members insisted and he relented.

To Magee that's all history now and there are enough problems facing him so that he has little time to reminisce over Sacramento and the three and a quarter million. Next fall he anticipates four to five hundred more new students. "Even with present restrictions, we'll have that many," he says. "If they take the building restrictions off we may have a total of two thousand students by next September." And it's easy to see when he drives you through the district. As you start off down Slauson he calmly explains, "Over a thousand new homes will be completed around here before summer." Then he drives slowly, so as not to pass any developments before you have a chance to see. "There are 54 over there; I've forgotten the name of that group. There's Sunnygrove; were over 400 there last summer opened up. Those next to it—let's see, 89 in that bunch. They're just opening. And right over there are 78 more." You turn a corner. "Two hundred and twenty-five there— Karger, I think, is building



The Magee family prepares to repel boarders.

them. There's Bellevue—199. And there's 32 or 33 in that tract"; on and on for miles in four directions.

In the meantime during all this fantastic growth Rivera has become relatively poorer than it was three years ago. For then the district evaluation amounted to over \$8,000 per student. Today that total has dropped to some \$3,500. The reason is simple enough. Whereas the land had been large groves owned by a relatively few people, now they are so many thousand lots owned by GI's with lots of tax exemptions, even though the same land area has a higher evaluation than it ever had before. But to this Magee says, "It's really better for us in one way. These young people are interested in their children and in the schools they attend. It's a big boost to the community." And about the huge state loan, he says, "We expect to pay back every cent we borrowed." You wonder how in the world a district whose own wealth is only a little over four million can look to any near future that will pay off three and a quarter million dollars worth of loan. And Magee smiles, for he has an ace up his sleeve that makes him very happy. One big chunk of Rivera now owned by the Santa Fe railroad is being readied—all 300 acres of it—for a model shipping and industrial center. And another 300 acres is being looked at daily by potential industrialists who are getting warmer to the notion of expanding there.

And with all this Magee is breathing much easier. He spends more time at home with his wife and children, Pamela, 6, and Jud, 3; "absolutely no less than three nights a week now," his wife, Vicky, explains. And he's managed to turn over a good many curriculum problems to his new principal. Glenn Palmer, though, in truth, he admits a desire some day soon to work with curriculum in an attempt to help advance farther the better students "who so frequently are overlooked; they are our hope for good leaders tomorrow".

About the future? He likes Rivera. "It'll be big enough before long," he says with pride, "to make any superintendent happy; in the meantime, there's plenty doing for me and everyone else down here." The president of the board exclaims with pride, "Everybody seems to like Larry; he just gets along." So, no doubt, the mountain that came to Rivera is apt to stay a long time.

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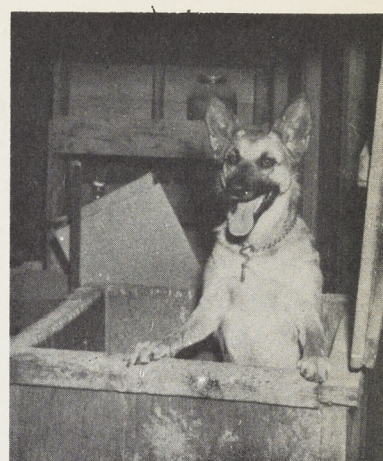
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Rusty Climbs Ladders



At Home in Trees

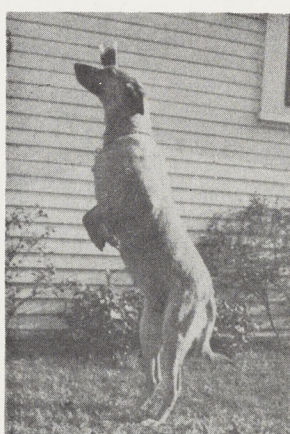


Plays Hide and Seek

Smartest Dog In California

Michael Gregg, 12828 Lambert Rd., has what he calls the "best trained dog in California. Few Whittierites would dispute it. The five-year-old female, Rusty, is part German police and part collie, and was born in Pennsylvania, "near Pitts-

burgh," according to Gregg. Many hundreds of Whittierites have seen Rusty walking on her hind legs and tooting a horn, which she practices on Greenleaf, Philadelphia, and anywhere else Gregg takes her.



Balancing glass of coffee on nose, Rusty first lies down, then gets up, sits, stands, and finally clambers into chair, sitting triumphantly there.

Gregg is kind, but firm with his protege, says he has also trained chickens, cats, other creatures.



Plays with Jimmy Van Buskirk, 7.



Putting on Skates

For first time in a year, Rusty tries to roller-skate. Shoes were made in Chicago especially for dog. First Gregg wraps bandage around each foot, then draws on white bobby socks, then carefully laces up shoes to which skates are attached. Because she is out of training, Rusty finds skating is hard work.



Frees Jimmy, who is tied.



Plugging Along



Breather



Fagged

Local Builders Told "Pour Before Freeze"



L. U. Jones, VA housing inspector, warns Whittier builders that government freeze on luxury home construction is imminent.



Charles Moody takes over presidency of Whittier chapter, Building Contractors Association, from Forrest Mayes, outgoing head.



Moody (rear) leads throng of builders, wives in community sing at annual banquet held recently at Knott's Berry Farm.

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Despite rainfall that turned construction sites into seas of mud, they poured concrete frantically. One builder had to use a concrete bucket brigade to get his foundation forms through the mud. Another built an elaborate boardwalk to carry his wheelbarrows over the morass. A third used a bulldozer to dig off the mud until the dry ground was exposed so he could get his pouring. Despite the mud, the expected freeze and the new ban on commercial construction, local builders could look forward to defense housing and war treaty sub-contracts for those with shops to sustain them.



Accept summons. He area contractors for



Ware presents Winder with pen-and-pencil set as gift of membership. New executive secretary, John Chaffee, sits at right.

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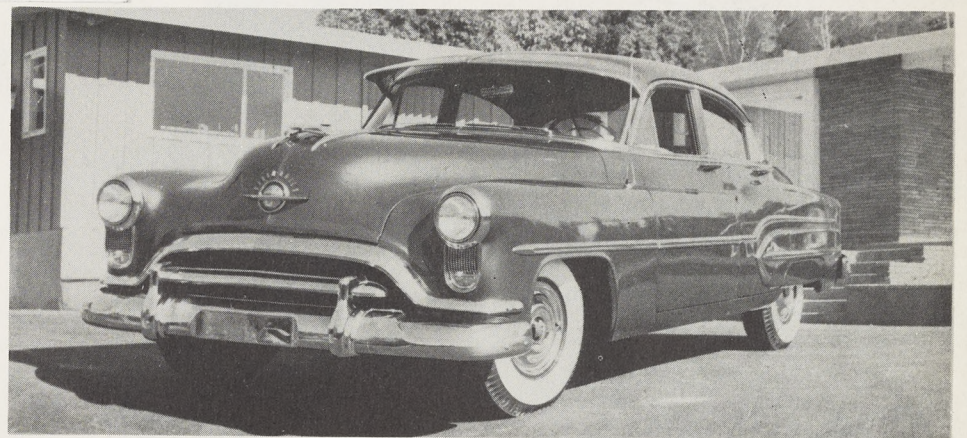
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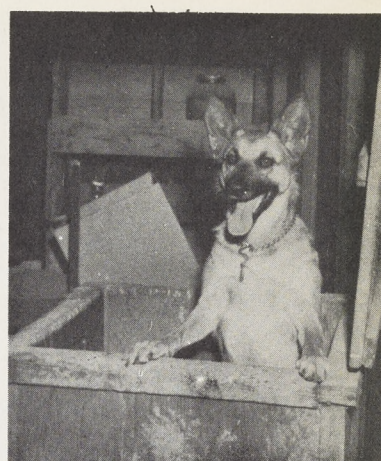
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At Home in Trees



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Michael Gregg, he calls the "best Whittierites would female, Rusty, is collie, and was boi

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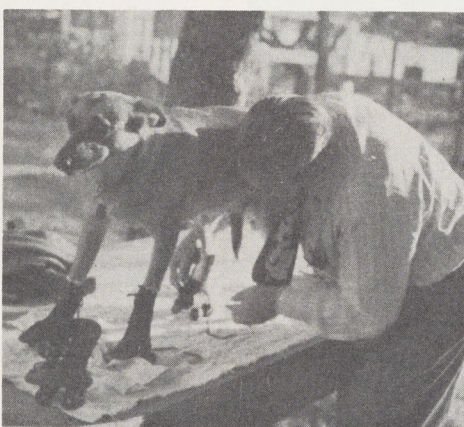


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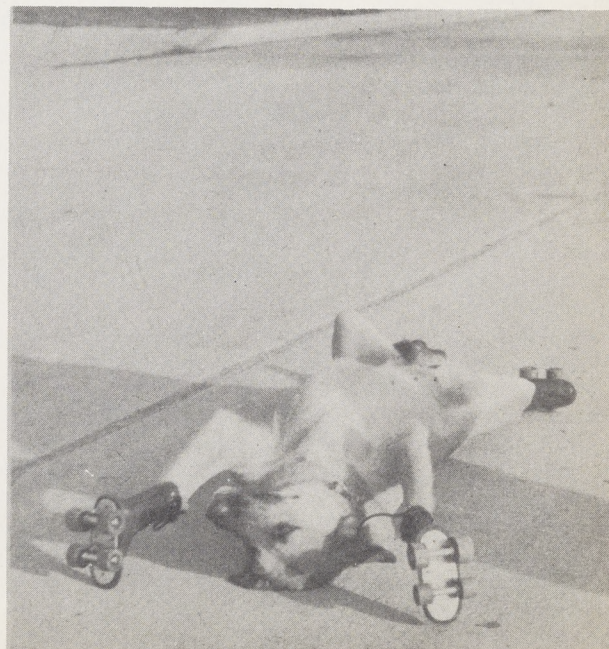
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Moody (rear) leads throng of builders, wives in community sing at annual banquet held recently at Knott's Berry Farm.

Only five Southland cities—Los Angeles, San Diego, San Bernardino, Torrance and Long Beach—built more dwellings than Whittier during 1950. Local contractors accounted for 1532 units, compared with 741 in 1949. Yet, the end of the boom was in sight in mid-January when the Whittier chapter of the Building Contractors Association of California met to hear warnings of a federal 'freeze' on construction of homes with an area greater than 1200 sq. ft. No surprise, the warning was hastily heeded by the builders. If they could get foundations poured, they believed, they could complete any homes started.

So, despite rainfall that turned construction sites into seas of mud, they poured concrete frantically. One builder had to use a concrete bucket brigade to get at his foundation forms through the mud. Another built an elaborate boardwalk to carry his wheelbarrows over the morass. A third used a bulldozer to scrape off the mud until the dry ground was exposed so he could get his pouring done. Despite the mud, the expected freeze and the new ban on commercial construction, local builders could look forward to defense housing and war industry sub-contracts for those with shops to sustain them.



W. Roy Ware summons S. W. Winder to speakers' table. Winder is retiring secretary-treasurer of local builders' organization.



Winder and Mrs. Winder rise to accept summons. He stepped out after serving Whittier area contractors for eight years.



Ware presents Winder with pen-and-pencil set as gift of membership. New executive secretary, John Chaffee, sits at right.

The Oldsmobile

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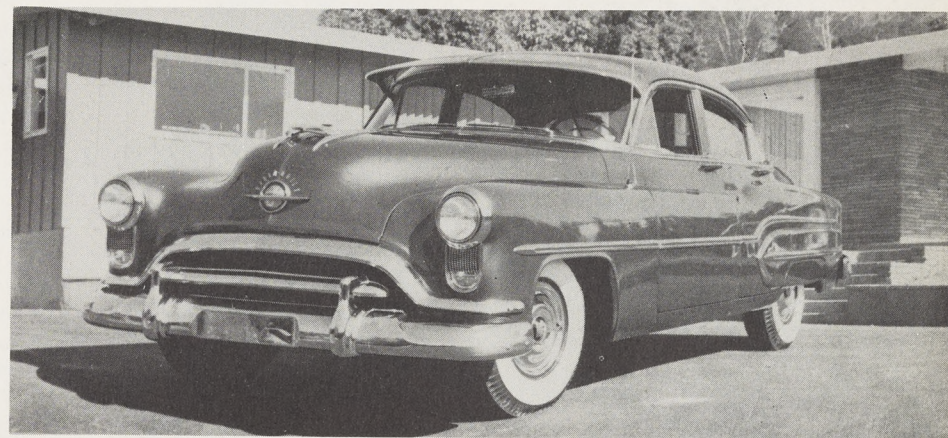
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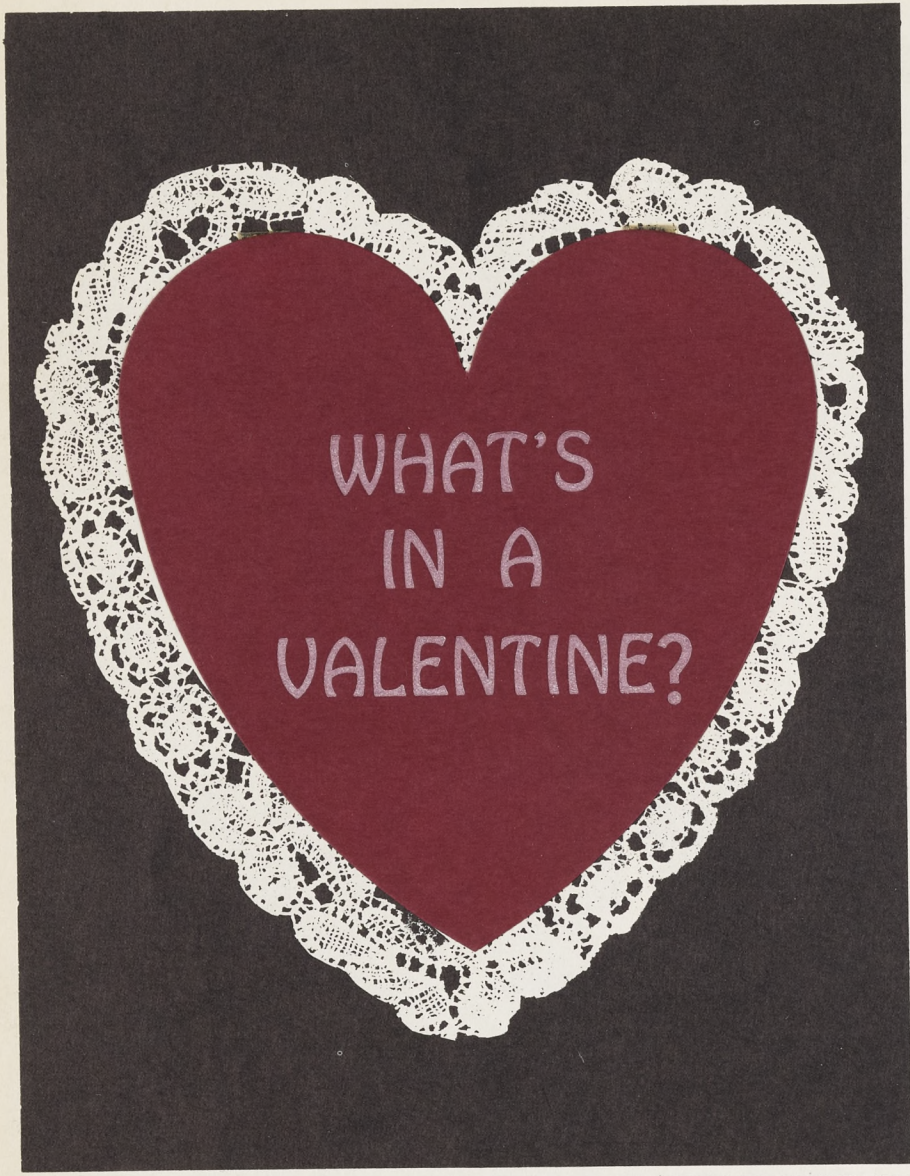
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Dear Boys and Girls

Because the lace paper wouldn't stick to the red paper heart, and because the envelopes weren't the right size, and because Tess didn't have a boyfriend (and Tim didn't want a girlfriend), Tim and Tess Miller decided to find out what Valentine's Day was all about.

"Who started this secret-love-sending-Valentine's business anyway?"

Children, do you know the answer?

Well, Tim and Tess discovered what Valentine's Day was all about. And they didn't even have to ask their Mother or Daddy. They found out *all by themselves!* They just hiked over to the Whittier Public Library on the corner of Greenleaf and Bailey streets where all children from the age of six can have their own library cards.

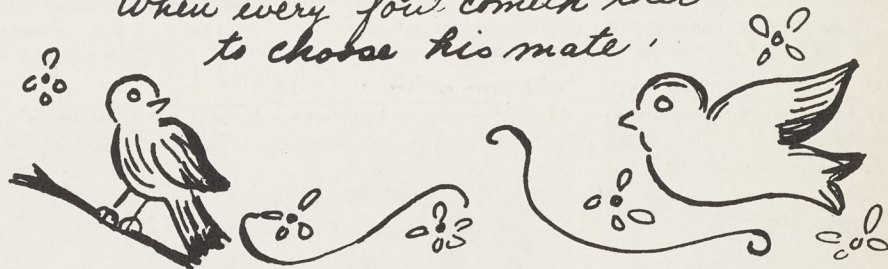


The Whittier Public Library has never disappointed our little friends. Whenever they want an answer to a problem, or help with school, or good entertainment, it is right THERE for the asking.



Now there are two theories as to the origin for celebration. One is that during the Middle Ages (a long, long time ago), the boy and girl birds began to look for their sweethearts on February 14th. So that a Mr. Chaucer, a very well known English poet, wrote a poem which said, . . .

*"For this was Synt Valentynes
day
when every foul cometh ther
to choose his mate"*



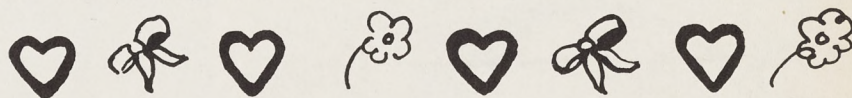
Then, lots of people who read that poem decided that it was also a good time of year for boys and girls to remember their sweethearts.

The other theory is that this lovers' custom comes from a practice by the Romans (many years ago), who celebrated the feast of Lupercalia on February 14th. Every year on this day, special drawings were held to pair up the names of all the young men and women. Each pair exchanged gifts and became sweethearts for all of the rest of the year.

As time passed on . . . post offices were established and the cost of sending mail was lowered; so everyone started sending cards to his loved one on February 14th. Pretty soon children picked up the idea.

And that is why Tim and Tess were fussing with lace paper on red paper hearts, and looking for envelopes the right size and seriously considering the prospects of a girlfriend and boyfriend for 1951.

The church has certain days of the year set aside to celebrate the memory of the Saints. Just like you have a certain date for your birthday. And it so happens that Saint Valentine was a Christian martyr and February 14th is his special day.



This time Tim and Tess will pass their new found information on to you. But, next time, when you're curious about something you should make your own visit to your nearest library.

*Your Valentine
Grandma Whittier*

Kitchinning

with MAYBELLE and MARTITA



Robin Pasqua, Mrs. McNamee and Mrs. T. M. Pasqua, prepare to dip into freshly made cheese souffle.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

This recipe is almost an original creation with Mrs. Wally McNamee, 1120 S. Laurel Ave. It would have been entirely her own, except that she first learned how to do it from a gas company cookbook. Then she lost the cookbook and resurrected the recipe entirely from memory, which makes it almost original.

Make thick white sauce of 4 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons flour added to 1 cup milk and adding 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard and dash of cayenne pepper plus salt and pepper. Into hot white sauce stir 1 cup shredded sharp cheese (1/4 lb.). Remove from stove and stir in 3 egg yolks, well beaten. Take 3 egg whites with 1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar which beat until stiff and then fold in the cheese mixture.

Pour into greased 1 1/2 quart casserole (7 1/2 inch). For high, hot souffle, make groove with back of teaspoon, 1 inch from edge. Now set casserole in pan of water (1 inch deep). Bake until puffed and golden brown in 325 degree oven (350, as called for in some recipes, is too hot). It will take 50 to 60 minutes. This recipe will serve four; serve immediately with crisp bacon or mushroom or shrimp sauce.

For a novelty, make the souffle with different kinds of cheese—tillamook or aged cheddar, for instance. The souffle will retain the distinctive flavor of the cheese-type.

(Continued from page 13)

home + hearth



Master bedroom has two glass walls, two brick ones. Windows are covered with natural matchstick drapes suspended from valances done in Tahitian burlap. Ceiling is painted flame.

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